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A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY MADGE.

Father Time has been plodding
  Through sunshine and snow,
Since the compliment nodding
  Of twelve months ago:
Until, somehow or other,
  The day's again here
When we wish one another
  A Happy New Year.

It's a noble salute is;
  A hallowing hope:
What an unbounded beauty's
  Comprised in its scope!
All the aim of our living,
  Hereafter and here,
Is contain'd in that giving
  A Happy New Year!

It perhaps may be safety,
  And may not cons'ra'e;
For Fate rules, willy nilly,
  Whatever we do.
Still, we Fate to forestall have
  No need, it is clear;
So I hope we may all have
  A Happy New Year.

I'm aware sad events will
  Occur as before,
That the Black Book's contents will
  Be waded all o'er;
That, whatever men got have
  From good wishes here,
A great many will not have
  A Happy New Year.

Still, let wistfulness troll out
  Its carols, till rife
Opportunities roll out
  The map of our life;
When its chart is uncurl'd have,
  We by it to steer;
Still, may all the wide world have
  A Happy New Year!

Lady Hutton's Ward.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IT was the close of a bright warm day in June; the place was a little parlor in the most picturesque cottage to be found on the estate of Brynmar; the scene, a strange one, the first that lived in the memory of Lady Hutton's ward, and the one that influenced her whole life.

There seems at times little or no harmony between Nature and man. Outside the cottage the bonnie woods of Brynmar were full of the brightness and beauty of summer. The golden sunbeams lingered almost tenderly on the tall green trees; the wild flowers gave forth a rich tribute of rare perfume; the birds sang gaily, and the busy bees hummed from flower to flower, gathering sweet honey from the fair blossoms. In the shade of the wood there was a deep silence, unbroken, save by the rippling of the little brook and the faint rustling of the leaves;—a summer's evening, such as poets sing of, a golden flush of color, a glory of perfume and harmony.

Inside the cottage was a scene that told of the deepest human woe. The beauty of sunshine and flowers could not touch it. There was sorrow which nothing human could soften or alleviate. In vain the roses and jessamine peeped in at the bright windows, and bent their fair heads as though in sympathy. In vain the summer breeze came in laden with the fragrance of the hawthorn and the new-mown hay; in vain birds sang and flowers bloomed; it was all in vain, for a human heart was breaking there, from excess of sorrow and woe.

It was a strange scene. The parlor was bare and poorly furnished; no carpet, no pictures, no books, nothing that told of comfort; stern, dread poverty was shown in the few articles of furniture; in a small chair near the centre of the room sat a lady magnificently dressed; costly velvets and rich silks swept the cottage floor. She was in the prime of life, a tall, stately, well-formed figure, a clear-cut, calm, patrician face, bearing the impress of many troubles. No one ever called Lady Hutton beautiful, but in the exquisite refinement of every feature, in the expression of the clear eyes, and the smiles that at intervals lighted her face, there was a charm deeper than that of vivid coloring or perfect form. Her dark, brown hair was plainly braided; her dress, in its simple elegance, was perfection. She looked what she was, a thorough English gentlewoman, calm, elegant and refined. If any storms of passion had ever crossed her quiet face, there was no trace of it now; if scorn, or hate, or love had ever dwelt in that quiet heart, they were all dead. She seemed as one who looks out upon the world, yet takes little interest in it.

Far different from the calm, passionless lady was the beautiful lady who half knelt, half crouched upon the floor, and covered with hot, bitter tears, the white, soft fingers of a little child. A waving mass of rich golden brown hair fell over her shoulders in splendid confusion and disorder; the face, though deathly pale and stained with tears, was a most beautiful one. There was a supple grace in every line of her figure, a dignity even in her self abasement, yet Magdalen Hurst was but a simple village, owing none of her rare beauty to noble birth or high descent. She had no thought of her beauty. If ever woman's face looked as though her heart were broken, Magdalen Hurst's looked so now. Passionately, wistfully she kissed the child's hands, and buried her face on the little head, kissed her as though she hungered and craved for love, kissed her with all the warmth of affection and the passion of despair.

"My little Hilda," she cried, "look at me; let me carry your sweet face in my heart, look at me, darling."

The little one raised her wondering eyes to the white wistful face, and there was a strong resemblance between mother and child. Both had the same beautiful violet eyes, the mother's hair was golden brown, but the child's pretty curls were of pure pale gold; the same delicate, charming features, the same white brow and arched red lips. The two gazed at each other, the mother with difficulty refraining from tears, the child wondering what all this sorrow meant.

"I am half sorry I came," said Lady Hutton. "You will unfit yourself for the journey, Magdalen."

"I could not have left without seeing her," said the woman, pleadingly. "Oh, Lady Hutton, can you not tell what it is to have your heart torn in two, as mine is? I must give up my husband or my child. He is in sorrow, in exile, and in want. She will have a home and a mother. I must go to him; he needs me most; yet death itself would be less bitter than leaving my child."

"Still," said Lady Hutton, "as you cannot have both, I think you are acting wisely. Hilda will have everything to make her happy with me."

"I know that, my lady," sobbed the woman. "I know it, or I should not leave her. I do not fear for her, but my heart aches for my little child. I shall feel the clasp of her arms round my neck I shall feel her warm soft lips on my face, I shall hear her voice and listen for her footsteps My life will be empty and dark without her."

"Choose for yourself," said Lady Hutton, quietly. "If you wish to alter our arrangements, there is time to do so."

"Do not torture me, my lady!" cried the poor mother. "You know I must go to him. In lives such as yours there comes no sorrow such as mine. Can you not understand what it is to look your last, perhaps, in life, upon your own child?"

A quiver, as of sharp pain, crossed the lady's calm face for one instant.

"I can understand it," she replied, gently; "and that is why I have brought Hilda here. Believe me, Magdalen, I shall act by her as though she were my own."

The woman made no reply. With every moment that passed, her face seemed to grow whiter and her sorrow deeper; she clasped the child in her arms as though nothing but death could part them.

"My own child!" she murmured; "my own little child! I [illegible] loved her, cared for her. I would have shielded her with my life, and I am looking at her for the last time. Oh my lady, change your plan. Say, if I return I may claim her. How can I live without her? How can I die? What answer can I make the Great Judge when he asks me for my child?"

"You are only doing what you decided yourself was for the best," said Lady Hutton. "I cannot change my plans; they are founded on common sense. If for fifteen or twenty years I educate your daughter, and she becomes a delicate lady, you would not surely wish to drag her down again to your level, remembering what that level is."

"No," replied the woman, shuddering, as with deadly fear; "anything rather than that."

"You are not the first," continued Lady Hutton, in her cold, passionless voice, "whose life has been wrecked at its outset; others have had the same troubles, perhaps even greater. Life is ended for you. The cloud that has fallen over it is a dark one—no light can penetrate it. Let your child live and be happy as she never could be with you. Do you think, after fifteen years spent as my daughter, that it would be fair to ask her to return to such a home as yours? Would it not be cruel and unjust? Be brave for her sake, Magdalen. You have yourself decided where your duty lies."

"I know," said the poor mother, plaintively; "one way or another, my heart must break."

"You fancy so," said Lady Hutton; "one can bear much, yet live on. Hilda will be happy and well cared for; if she lives she will grow up a beautiful, accomplished lady; she will be my ward and my heiress; she will have wealth and position; she will marry well, and live honored and esteemed. Yet you would have her exchange all this for poverty and shame."

"But, my lady," said the woman, "he may repent; and then——"

"Hush," said Lady Hutton; "I believe it is easier to change the leopard's spots than to reform a really bad man. See, I have brought the money, Magdalen; now, tell me, is there anything more that I can do for you? Do not ask me to alter my conditions. I cannot do so. If I take Hilda now, it is for life; and I exact from you a solemn promise that you will never seek her again, never ask for her, but remember always that for her own good you have parted with her until you meet in another world."

Magdalen Hurst clasped the little child still more tightly in her arms. Her lips lingered lovingly on the fair little face, the golden curls, and the sweet lips.

"My darling will be a lady," she said, "a grand lady; she will have dresses and rare jewels; she will be rich and honored; but my heart will be empty, and she will have no mother; she will never know me, never love me."

Lady Hutton took from her purse gold and bank notes and laid them upon the table.

"The sum we agreed upon is there, Magdalen," said Lady Hutton. "It is growing late; you had better say good-bye to Hilda; we must leave you now; write to me when you reach your journey's end. I can only hope your future may be happier than your past has been."

A low moan came from the white lips still touching the child's face. Then Magdalen Hurst rose and took from her finger a thick plain gold ring.

"Lady Hutton," she said, gently, "may I give this to Hilda? Will you let her wear it?"

With her own hands Lady Hutton fastened the ring to a little chain the child wore.

"I promise you," she said. "Hilda shall always wear it. I will put it on her finger when she is old enough."

It was a plain ring, made in a peculiar way; with the single word, "Fidelity", engraved upon it.

If Magdalen Hurst could have foreseen all that could arise from the fact of her daughter's wearing that ring, she would have risked her life sooner than have given it to her.

"Good-bye, Magdalen," said Lady Hutton. "I trust you will have a prosperous voyage. Never let a fear for Hilda's welfare cross your mind; she will be to me as my own child. Bid her farewell. See, the sun is setting; we must go."

She turned aside while the unhappy mother held her child in that last close embrace. In that minute Magdalen Hurst died as loving, suffering women die. Death, when it came, held no pang half so bitter as that which rent her heart now. She covered the little wondering face with eager passionate kisses; she pillowed the golden head on her breast, and bent in untold agony over it.

"Hilda," she whispered, "my own little child, I shall never see you again. Say 'good-bye,' and 'God bless you mother.'"

The child repeated the words, then clasped her arms round her mother's neck.

"Let me stay with you," she cried; "I love you best."

In one moment it seemed as though the mother's soul must leave her. Then she clasped the child, murmuring words that Lady Hutton never forgot. To the last her mournful eyes followed the little figure, drinking in, as it were, every movement, every action. The child passed forever from its mother's home. She gazed after it, watched the sunbeams shining on the sweet face and golden hair, watched the stately lady take the little one in her arms and dry her tears, watched the child as it smiled, and then she knew herself forgotten.

With a cry that rang out on the clear summer air, startling and shrill, Margaret Hurst fell to the ground, and the sunbeams played upon her white, unconscious face; while the child from whom she had parted slept softly and sweetly in Lady Hutton's arms.

CHAPTER II.

FIVE YEARS before the opening of our story, there was not a happier or more beautiful girl in Scotland than Magdalen Burns. Her father was head gamekeeper to Sir Ralph Erskine. Her mother had been Lady Erskine's maid. They married and lived in a pretty cottage close to the woods of Brynmyr. They had one little daughter, called Magdalen, to suit some fancy of her mother's. On the same day that little Magdalen was born at the cottage a daughter and heiress was born at the Hall. Lady Erskine was, however, dangerously ill, and her babe was nursed by Mrs. Burns. As the heiress of Brynmar grew up she retained a great affection for her foster sister. Lady Erskine offered to send little Magdalen to school, but the sturdy gamekeeper refused. He was quite willing, he said, for his daughter to learn reading and writing; but he did not want a useless fine lady about the house. Magdalen must learn to wash, to brew, and to bake; then, at some future day, she would make a good, sensible wife. What, for instance, could be better for her than to marry one of the young gamekeepers, who might perhaps in time succeed him? He was not ambitious, this honest Donald Burns. Education was all very well for Miss Erskine; she would perhaps marry a lord; but his Magdalen had nothing to look to, except succeeding her mother in the management of the little household.

So Magdalen learned to read and write, and nothing more; but Nature allows no interference, and she had originally intended Magdalen Burns to be something more than the "gudewife" of a poor, honest Scotchman. The girl had a dowry that sometimes a princess lacks; she was gifted with wonderful beauty—beauty not common with those of her class—refined, delicate and sensitive. Her face was lovely, spiritual, and full of poetry. Her violet eyes were clear and true; the sweet sensitive lips were charming in their sunny smiles.

The little hands, trained to brew and to bake, retained their whiteness; the tall, graceful figure was not spoilt by the life of almost rude labor. Nature does strange things; and she had given to this daughter of a Scotch peasant beauty and grace that might have been envied by a queen.

Miss Erskine, Magdalen Burn's foster sister, is no way resembled her. She w[illegible]

perfectly well bred, with a cool, calm, stately manner, somewhat dignified and haughty, and a clear, fair patrician face; but no one ever thought of calling the heiress of Brynmar a beauty.

Despite the difference of rank and position, there was a warm attachment between the two girls. Miss Erskine often left her stately home to wander in the woods with the lovely young girl whose face every one declared resembled a picture.

At times, Magdalen Burns was asked to the Hall, but her father never wished her to go there; perhaps he had some presentiment of the fate that would overtake his beautiful daughter.

He heard nothing but her praises, and he did not want her head to be turned with flattery. When gentlemen visitors at the Hall, having heard of the beauty of his only child, called on different pretences at the cottage, Donald received them very coldly, and gave imperative orders that his daughter should always remain in her room while visitors were in the house.

Miss Erskine had many lovers, but she cared only for one, that was the young Lord "a young man in her own station," she will have a chance of happiness then. If she marries Stephen Hurst, she will be wretched for life."

Miss Erskine tried her influence, and Sir Ralph and Lady Erskine tried theirs, but all in vain; when did love ever listen to reason.

Before the summer ended beautiful, simple Magdalen Burns became Stephen Hurst's wife.

CHAPTER III.

No one expressed any surprise at hearing that Magdalen Burns had married a "gentleman from London." Few knew anything of Mr. Hurst, except that he was one of the gentlemen who visited the Hall. The beautiful girl who lived in the quiet seclusion of Brynmar woods was known and admired. The hasty, unequal marriage created no sensation. One or two simple, honest young keepers sighed and wished they had been more favored by Fortune.

Donald Burns and his wife were divided between sorrow and joy;—sorrow at losing the light of their home; joy that their beautiful daughter had married a real gentleman, a friend of Lord Hutton's.

Miss Erskine was the only one who felt keen unqualified regret. Lord Hutton spoke in such strong terms of Mr. Hurst that she knew it would be better for her foster sister to die than to become the wife of a man utterly reckless and without principle. Even high words passed between the two, who had hitherto felt nothing but kindness for each other. Miss Erskine was hurt and offended that Magdalen should marry against her will. Magdalen retorted that the man she was going to marry had long been one of Lord Hutton's chosen friends, for which retort the heiress never pardoned her.

Stephen Hurst married the beautiful, simple country girl, and took her to London. He established her in third-rate lodgings in Pimlico. When Fortune favored him, he supplied her liberally with money; when it frowned, he contented himself by abusing her.

He was not naturally a cruel man; he would never rejoice in torture for torture's sake; but he was selfish and egotistical, mean and false. As much as he could love anything, he loved the fair, sweet young wife, whose loving worship never abated, even when poverty and want pressed sorely upon them; and though he cursed her in a passionate moment for being a tie upon him yet he was always to her a king amongst men.

But her dream of happiness was soon ended. She never saw Stephen Hurst as he really was, but she had seen enough to perceive that there was no hope of a peaceful or happy life with him. In her sweet, womanly way she tried to remonstrate with him, to persuade him to think of better and higher things, to teach him some of the sweet and holy lessons she had learnt in the little church by Brynmar woods.

But he laughed her to scorn. When in a good humor, he contented himself with ridiculing everything good and pure; when angry, he would pour out a flood of blasphemous ideas and words that frightened the gentle girl, who had been taught to reverence all that he scoffed and sneered at.

It was some time before she discovered that he had no source of income, save what he derived from gambling and betting. It was a bitter sorrow to her. She implored him to try some honest method of living; she offered to work for him.

But he only laughed at her ideas, and told her, when he could afford it, he should open a gambling saloon at home.

Before long he did so, and then the real torture of her life began for Magdalen Hurst. The change was cruel, from the bonnie woods of Brynmar, from flowers and trees, from the happy, peaceful cottage life, to the narrow street, and the close, stifling rooms of the little house. When the hot gas was all lighted, and no sound could be heard save the rattling of dice and the angry murmurs of excited men, she would sit and dream of the home she had left, of the evening sky with its pale gleaming stars, of the night wind whispering amidst the trees, of the sleeping flowers and birds, of the little brook that sang all night, and of the beautiful hush and calm that fell upon the woods,—that scene so different in its beauty and purity from this.

Still, her love never abated, never wearied or grew less; she hoped against hope. But a greater trial was coming. Stephen Hurst seemed all at once to lose his good luck. He never touched a card without losing; he grew moody and irritable, then desperate, and in an evil hour he fell into the lowest depths. He forged the name of a young nobleman who had frequently played at his house. The forgery succeeded, and the sum of money he obtained was a large one; but, as invariably happens, detection followed the crime closely. He was watched, arrested, and tried.

The gay, dashing Stephen Hurst, who had purposely thrown off all principle, and hated all restraint, found himself now a prisoner for one of those crimes which the law punishes most severely. Then, when the world justly fell from him, when good and bad alike looked with abhorrence upon him, he learned the value of a wife's love.

Magdalen Hurst clung to him still. Others might believe him guilty—he might be condemned, and punished—it made no difference to her. He was her king, though a fallen one. Woman-like, she loved him more tenderly and truly in his adversity than she had done in his prosperity. Others blamed him; she knew how he had been tempted. She made a hundred excuses for him, even while she deplored his crime.

When the day of his trial came, men gazed with wonder on the beautiful white face, so full of anguish and despair.

Her eyes never left him, and her lips quivered with every word that told against him.

When the sentence of ten years' transportation was given, one long, low cry, never forgotten by those who heard it, rang through the court, and Magdalen Hurst fell as one dead.

Something like a sharp quiver of pain passed over Stephen Hurst's face as he saw this; but even the heavy sentence had not power to quell his light, trifling, thoughtless spirit. He bowed almost gaily to judge and jury, and left the dock utterly unmoved. He could not even understand the light in which Magdalen viewed his crime. To him it was a piece of "unheard-of bad luck,"—an "ill turn of the tide,"—a "misfortune," but, he never called it a sin or an error. He thought her notions narrow and bigoted. What could such a man, utterly devoid of all honor, understand of a religious, loving, sensitive nature like Magdalen's?

She spent every moment with him. There were whole nights when she never left the prison gates,—standing there content to gaze upon the walls that held him. She was of the nature that makes heroines. Her love, in its grand self forgetfulness, was simply heroic; but its heroism was all wasted upon him.

Five weeks before Stephen Hurst left England, little Hilda was born. He only saw her once. What there was of a better nature in him was touched when his fair young wife laid the little babe in his arms. He half wished he had been a better man; but the good impulse vanished almost before he kissed the little face. He made his wife promise that she would come to him if she could, and she intended at any cost to keep her word.

Magdalen Hurst never knew how the day passed that took her husband away. It was one long dream of unutterable anguish. Awaking from it, she found herself alone in the great city of London,—alone, save for her little child. She would not go home, where they would talk continually of the man she loved; where every idle word uttered against him would pierce her loving, faithful heart.

So for three years Magdalen remained in the great city, working hard to maintain herself and her child. During that time, Donald Burns and his wife died. Miss Erskine, the handsomest, gayest, wildest man in all the highlands,—reckless careless, *debonnair* Lord Hutton, the prodigal son of a prodigal race.

He liked Miss Erskine, and his friends advised him to marry her; she would be rich, and he needed money.

Lord Hutton did not decide all at once; he went frequently to the Hall, and on one occasion took his favorite boon companion, Stephen Hurst, with him.

Stephen found his visit a very dull one; he did not care for the pomposities of Sir Ralph, or the insanity of Lady Erskine; and besides, there was no billiard table at the Hall.

Lady Erskine disapproved of gambling in even its innocent branches; a game of billiards was something terrible in her eyes. Miss Erskine never appeared to see or notice anyone except Lord Hutton, and the other guests were summed up by Mr. Hurst in his amiable way, as "a mixture of bores and nobodies."

Having no mischief ready-made at his hand, Stephen went out to seek it for himself.

He sought and found it in the shape of the gamekeeper's beautiful daughter.

Wandering one day through the woods of Brynmar, he sauntered down a broad path to enjoy a cigar. The day was fine, and the cigar a good one.

Stephen sat on the trunk of a fallen tree, in order to enjoy both; and as he sat there a girl, beautiful as a fairy vision, came tripping down the path.

Stephen Hurst saw her with a thrill of delight. He had been idle and listless; here was something to do. Here was a beautiful young face, pure, sweet, and happy; he could teach it to blush and to glow. Here was a pure, innocent young heart; he could teach it to love. All that he said to himself as the girl drew near. She did not perceive him until he, to attract her attention, spoke. Then Magdalen Burns raised her eyes to his face, and in that one look met her fate. He asked some idle question as to the nearest way to the Hall, and she replied.

Then gradually he drew from her her name, and simple little history. Nothing could be better, he said to himself. There was no one to interfere while he remained at this dull place; it would be a magnificent resource to be able to meet this beautiful, simple girl, out in the bonnie woods of Brynmar. He never calculated on Donald Burns' strength of arm or strength of will.

Lord Hutton could not imagine how it happened that Stephen Hurst, who used to complain the whole day long of the dulness of the place, and every one in it, suddenly grew attached to it, and absolutely tried to persuade him to prolong his stay.

Brynmar woods could have told him why. There was no day passed that Stephen Hurst did not meet Magdalen under the shade of their tall trees.

What need to tell the story? He wooed, as idle men do woo, when they have no other occupation; and she learned to love as the young and happy love when they are so wooed. She thought him a king amongst men. No one was so handsome, so brave, so kindly. He was like one of the knights of old. Who else spoke so gently and musically? What voice, what face was like his?

She never thought of herself; she never asked herself if it were wrong or foolish to spend long hours in these summer woods, listening to the sweetest and falsest words that ever fell from false lips. How true he seemed—how noble, how good! What had she done that this great happiness should come to her, the priceless love of the greatest and noblest of men?

Poor Magdalen! did she ever see him as he was—mean, false, and narrow, without one good instinct, without one noble quality? Did she ever see him as he was—handsome, with a coarse, animal beauty, selfish, cowardly, and ungenerous? Never, until the time came when all things were made clear to her eyes. The golden veil of romance had fallen over him: he was a hero, a knight. He loved her, and what could she do to show her gratitude for so priceless a treasure as this love? So, while the warm, bright summer days lasted she met him under the shade of the tall, green trees, and she learned to love him as women love once in life, and can never love again.

How it would have ended no one can tell; but one morning, while the dew still lay upon flower and leaf, Magdalen went out to meet her lover. They walked for some long time up and down the broad path, forgetting everything save themselves and their own happiness, when all at once the keeper, white with rage, stood before them.

"So," said he, slowly, "this is it! I have always said that fatal beauty would prove a curse. Go home, Magdalen; leave your love with me. Stay, do not let me be rash. Is he your lover? Does he profess to love you?"

"He does love me," said Magdalen, "and I—oh father, do not be angry—I love him."

She spoke bravely, although trembling with fear.

"I am not angry, child," said the keeper gently. "Go home,—I will settle this."

"You will not hurt him, father?" pleaded Magdalen.

"I will not hurt even one of his well arranged curls," said the keeper, grimly. "Leave him to me."

Magdalen hastened away, and the two men stood fixedly at each other.

Stephen Hurst did not quite like the strong hands that trembled with eagerness. He was a coward at heart, but thought in this case there was nothing much to fear.

"Well, my friend," he said, insolently, "don't act the virtuous peasant. I have seen that kind of thing so often upon the stage that I am tired of it."

"I tell you what you never saw upon the stage," said the keeper. "You never saw a father who meant to lash his daughter's lover like a whipped hound unless he did justice to her."

There was something in the hot angry eyes that glowed upon him, and in the low, hissing voice that shook Stephen Hurst's craven heart.

"Do not let us make an error," he said, hastily; "your daughter is a beautiful girl, and pure as an angel. I would not utter one word derogatory to her to save my life."

Donald Burns' stern face softened at those words.

"Have you taught my child to love you?" he asked; "tell me in one word. I will know the truth."

"She does love me," replied S quietly.

"Then listen to me," said the "You are a fine gentleman, I suppose from the Hall; she is poor and almost friendless, but you have taught her to love you, and if you do not marry her and make her happy, I will follow you—even to the world's end—and slay you;—you hear me; I say it—I who never broke my word. Now please yourself."

He turned away without one word more, leaving Stephen Hurst looking vacantly after him.

"A very pretty price certainly to pay for a summer's wandering in these stupid woods," he muttered; "that all comes from having nothing to do. I must either marry the girl, or run the risk of being beaten to death by that energetic and active keeper. Well, I have nothing to keep her upon; I cannot even keep myself; but she is a beautiful girl, and I really like her better than any one else in the world. Let me toss up for it; heads, I marry her; the reverse, I run away."

Then he carelessly threw up a few small silver coins.

"Heads win," said he, with a smile. "I will wait upon the keeper to morrow."

And that was the man Magdalen Burns idolized and loved.

What passed when Stephen Hurst called at the cottage, no one ever knew.

When Lord Hutton heard that his random friend was to marry the loveliest girl in all Scotland, he advised Miss Erskine to use her influence to prevent the sacrifice.

"Let the girl marry some steady, honest skine, who married Lord Hutton, returned with him from abroad, and went at once to Brynmar.

Then Magdalen received a letter from her husband; begging her to go out to him; but she had not the means. She tried to save money, but found it impossible out of her small earnings. Another year passed, and then Magdalen put aside her pride and went back to Brynmar.

She found her foster-sister, Lady Hutton, in the bitterest depths of sorrow. Her husband and little child, to whom she was passionately attached, were both drowned by the upsetting of a boat upon the lake. She stood upon the bank and saw them drown before her eyes, unable to render them the least assistance.

Many suns rose and set before Lady Hutton saw anything again; and on the very day that her husband and child were brought home to Brynmar to be buried, Magdalen Hurst reached the little cottage where her simple happy childhood had been spent. She waited for many weeks until Lady Hutton was able to see her; then, taking little Hilda by the hand, she went to the Hall.

Sorrow and illness had so completely changed Lady Hutton that her foster-sister hardly knew her again.

There was but little greeting between them until Lady Hutton's eyes fell upon the child. Then her face grew whiter, and her hands trembled.

"Is that your child, Magdalen?" she asked. "Is that Stephen Hurst's little daughter?"

When Magdalen replied that it was, Lady Hutton led her to her own room, where hung the portrait of a lovely little girl, not unlike the one who gazed upon it.

"See," said she, "your child is like mine, Magdalen; you must give her to me; look at the violet eyes and the golden hair."

There was indeed some faint resemblance between the two fair little faces.

"You want money, Magdalen," said Lady Hutton; "money to take you to your husband; you shall have it, as much as you like to ask me for, if you will give me your child. Let her be mine."

At first, Magdalen Hurst was deaf to all entreaties; she would not hear of it; then the master passion of her life came into play. He whom she loved had sent for her, and sent again.

She yielded at length, and consented that Lady Hutton should adopt her child. It was a hard struggle; how hard, none knew but herself.

It was arranged, at last, to give little Hilda a trial; she was to visit Lady Hutton: if she appeared happy and contented her mother agreed to leave her there; if not, she would forego the great wish of her heart. But Hilda was quite contented: she liked her new and pretty dresses, the grand house, and, above all the stately lady who was so cold to everyone else, and so kind to her; for Lady Hutton loved the child beyond all words, and when that little golden head rested on her heart it seemed as though her own little Maud was there again.

So for three weeks Magdalen Hurst lived alone in her little cottage, and then consented to part with her child. The conditions of Lady Hutton were hard ones, but she would not alter them. Hilda was to be as her own daughter; never again was Magdalen to claim her, or call Hilda her child; never, let what would happen.

Lady Hutton was liberal in her own way. She did not spare gold, and Magdalen Hurst left England amply provided for, and never saw the face of her foster-sister again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PAST AND TO COME.

BY J. L. M.

The Old Year's life is failing now,
And softly the night winds sigh,
As he takes the crown from his pallid brow,
And lays his sceptre by.
And as the tranquil hours go by
His requiem sinks and swells—
Old Year, methinks 'twere sweet to die
To music of such bells.

And some brave hearts that hoped in thee
Have seen thy life depart,
Till, like ships on an angry sea,
They have lost their guiding chart;
For it is not always the soul can say:
"Thus far and no farther I own thy sway."
To the warring passions that strive and fight
To lead us from the paths of right.

Looking back on the year's brief stay,
It shows a chequered scene—
How oft our feet have lost the way!
How weak our hearts have been!
Oh, may the New Year bring a dower
To every heart of fonward power,
And let no darker shadow come
Between us and our promised home.

Nothing New.

BY A. H. STODDART.

"FOUR more days, and then New Year!" exclaimed Laura Abbott, joyously. "What a jolly time New Year is!—isn't it, Emma?"

"I think so," replied Emma Fletcher, Laura's bosom friend and confidante; "but here comes some one whose appearance certainly does not bespeak an increase of cheerfulness. Let's see! we turn down here, so we shall avoid meeting her."

"Oh, Grace Wilton! no, indeed, she doesn't look as if too much joy would turn her brain!" exclaimed Laura, laughing. She did not mean it to be ill natured, but it was certainly not a kind laugh. "Wait a minute, Emma; I should like to speak to her, and wish her 'a happy New Year when it comes.' It amuses me to see how she turns away from anything like fun, and looks as if she were repeating to herself her favorite maxim, 'All is vanity—there is nothing new under the sun.' Wait a moment; she does not see us yet."

The two girls stood still by the side of the road, and waited while Grace Wilton came slowly up to them. Her age evidently did not exceed theirs, but her bearing was devoid of the same sprightliness, her face bore no traces of the lively carelessness that characterized theirs. The bright sunshine—unusually bright for December—seemed unheeded by her; her whole deportment plainly showed she was mindful of the cloud within, forgetful of the sunshine without.

"Good morning, Grace," said the two girls; "what a lovely day, isn't it?"

"We shall have a splendid time for New Year if the weather keeps like this," said Laura, still harping on the joys of the future. "Somehow, every year seems better than the last; don't you think so, Grace?" she added, with a sly smile at Emma.

"No, Laura," replied Grace. "For my part, I see no difference. The new year seems to me exactly the same as the old; and so it will be to you as soon as the balls and parties are over; and even they can only be the same over and over again."

"We are going to Mrs. Mott's party on the first," said Emma; "like every one else, I suppose. Shall you be there, Grace?"

"Of course not," replied Grace, rather reproachfully. "I have not been invited, as no doubt you know."

"Well, I don't think you can blame Mrs. Mott for that," remarked Laura. "She has asked you year after year before, and you would never go; so I daresay her patience is exhausted."

"Don't say wouldn't, Laura," said Grace, in a low tone. "You forget aunt was ill."

"Well, it seems a strange thing she should have been ill every time," said Laura, with a laugh, in which Emma joined; "and so of course Mrs. Mott must have thought. Well, never mind, Grace; it's a good thing you don't care for parties. I know it would make me miserable the whole year if I thought I should miss Mrs. Mott's; and this time, too, it is to be better than ever. Good-bye, Grace."

Laura and Emma turned down the lane and Grace went on her way alone. And what was the burden that made her so sorrowful? It was the dull weariness of her life, rather than any heavy trouble, which made Grace Wilton what she was. She had no parents, and lived alone with an aunt—a cross, disagreeable old woman, perpetually scolding, perpetually being ill, especially so when there was a chance of Grace's going out; so, from being debarred other society, she had acquired a distaste and contempt for its enjoyments, a morbid resignation to her lot.

* * * * *

"There, Grace, for goodness sake, shut the door and come in," said her aunt. "You've stood there star gazing long enough, I should think. Is there anything particular in the stars to-night? They always look much the same to me."

"No, there is nothing new," said Grace to herself, with a sigh, as she closed the door and went in as directed, prepared to pass the evening in the old way, alternately reading the newspaper aloud to her aunt, or listening to the latter's querulous remarks. But there seemed at least a chance of change to-night, for Mrs. Hill was but just settled in her easy chair, and Grace had barely opened the paper to begin, when a ring came at the front door. Seven o'clock! such a thing had not been known for years.

"Who's that?" demanded Mrs. Hill, sharply.

Grace opened the door. Standing outside was a stranger, a gentleman, perhaps twenty five years of age—no more—with a face the pleasantest she had ever seen, and a voice when he spoke fully in accordance with his face.

"Good evening," he said, with an air of assumed embarrassment; she knew directly it was not real. "I wish to see—— Dear me, how exceedingly awkward! I have forgotten the name; but I wish to see Miss Wilton's aunt, and as I believe I have the pleasure of addressing Miss Wilton, I may say at once I wish to see your aunt. May I trouble you to give her my card?"

Grace mechanically received what he gave her, and walked away with it to the parlor, wondering so much about the name engraved thereon, that she forgot her aunt had any concern in the matter, until the sharp inquiry, "Who was it?" brought back her wandering thoughts, and in answer to which she laid the card on the table.

"And you know my glasses are not here, Grace," said her amiable relative. "Tell me what it says, if you haven't quite lost your senses."

Grace took it up again, and read aloud, "Henry Argent;" that was all the card could tell them.

"Argent," repeated Mrs. Hill. "I believe I've heard the name, but don't know when or where, I'm sure. Grace, why don't you help me to remember? What sort of a looking person is he?"

"Is it not possible that a personal survey might be the best answer, my dear madam?" said a clear, manly voice, and Henry Argent himself walked in. He had grown weary of waiting at the front door, and had therefore closed it, and followed without ceremony Grace's footsteps.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, sir," said Mrs. Hill, rising with unusual alacrity—she was invariably polite to strangers. "(Grace how could you be so thoughtless!) But I was trying to remember where I had known you before; and even now I cannot call to mind."

"No, I dare say not," said the young man with a smile, and taking a chair near the old lady with an easy air of gracefulness that took from it all appearance of freedom. "Will you kindly let me tell you exactly who I am, and then we shall get on with other affairs much better. Miss Wilton, you are standing," said he; and a chair was promptly placed for Grace—the first attention of the kind she had ever received.

"My mother's name before her marriage was Ellen Seymour," said Mr. Argent, addressing Mrs. Hill. "She was a schoolfellow, and very dear friend of yours, as perhaps you may remember, and also of your sister, Mrs. Wilton. She has been dead now more than four years; but I had heard so much of you, that being in your neighborhood I thought I might venture to claim acquaintance. To continue my account—Mrs. Mott, your neighbor at Walton Lodge, is my father's sister, and I arrived yesterday for the purpose of spending the New Year at her house. But I must not forget to deliver my aunt's message, and that is, she has her usual gathering of young people on the evening of New Year's Day, and trusts this time nothing will prevent Miss Wilton from joining them. They say she is rather a recluse, Mrs. Hill; so I must beg your assistance in drawing her out of her cell, and obtaining me a favorable answer."

He looked at Grace with such a merry smile, that, though she had so recently ignored the agreeability of parties, she could not but think everything must be pleasant that he shared in.

It was wonderful how easily he worked his way into Mrs. Hill's good graces. His deferential method of appealing to her, and listening to her remarks, were enough in themselves to ensure her granting his request. So, after a little hesitation, she was pleased to say that Grace might have gone every year had she chosen, but she was so mopish, and never cared to go out. As to this time, he might ask her himself; there was nothing to hinder her.

Henry did not stay to hear more; the permission, ungracious as it was, sufficed. So, turning to Grace, he declared he could read "yes" in her face, and took on himself to promise that the carriage should fetch her at seven o'clock on Monday evening, when he hoped for the pleasure of meeting her again. Then he wished them good evening, and hurried away, leaving Mrs. Hill strongly impressed in his favor.

"Now, the first thing to-morrow, Grace, we'll have a fly, and drive into the town to buy your dress," said her aunt. "I'm not going to have you looked down upon. Your mother was as good as his, anyhow, if she didn't marry quite as well."

The New Year, then, was at all events to begin with a new dress. Was this only the beginning of wonders?

Well, the party came off and was a great success. Only everyone was surprised to see the attention the star of the evening, Henry Argent, bestowed upon Grace Wilton. And you may be sure Laura Abbott and Emma Fletcher—both ambitious, handsome girls, looked on it with anything but pleased eyes. But this was not all. Grace not only monopolized his care there, he actually visited Mrs. Hill's the next day and two or three times additionally the same week.

Another result of the party was that Henry's intended fortnight's sojourn extended to months, of which the greater part was spent at Mrs. Hill's; but what a short two months it appeared, when at last he came really to say good-bye. He was going to return to France, and would not be home again until next New Year.

"And then," he said, holding Grace's hand—she had come with him to open the door—"I shall see you again; and if all be well, we shall perhaps not part so soon. You won't let anything make you forget me till then, will you?"

Grace looked up, and revealed the tears that trembled on her eyelids. He could read his answer in that look; but as yet he would not express what he felt. Time would prove.

"You heard me say that I would write to your aunt," added Henry; "so I shall still be able to send you a book now and then, and you will keep up your visits at the Lodge; so I shall hear of you very often. Farewell!"

Grace could not say farewell. Poor girl! she was full of grief, for there was something in Henry's manner that spoke louder than words. But she had never till now thought of his really caring for her; she had been content, as it were, to have him near to lavish her affections upon him. She knew she had no qualifications for laying siege to his heart, nor did she attempt it; she had but irresistibly surrendered her own without thought of return.

But Grace was not going to subside into what she was before. The determination to do better than heretofore did not wear away as days passed on, and the New Year grew old. If she ever saw him again (she always said *if*) he should not see his words that night had been forgotten—though, perhaps, they were forgotten already by him. Never mind: *she* remembered.

* * * * *

The first of October! Grace Wilton's thoughts leaped over the next three months, and began the next year in imagination—should she see him again then? They had not heard from him for a long while, and his last letter said nothing of his return; still, her faith was unshaken. He had said he would see her then; and she believed he would.

It was a lovely morning, and Grace was out for a walk. How much more liberty she enjoyed now than formerly! She thought, while out, she might as well stroll on to Mrs. Mott's; she had not been there lately, and she might hear some news. So on Grace walked down the well remembered lane, and across the same meadows, where on two or three occasions *he* had walked with her. How long, and yet how short a time ago it seemed! This was the very spot where she had met Laura and Emma, where they had teased her about Mrs. Mott's party; and it was the same night her invitation arrived, and she had first seen Henry.

"Good morning, Grace," said a well known voice.

What a sudden interruption!—just as she was once more in thought opening the door, and seeing him standing there. It was Laura Abbott who spoke; and she stopped as if meaning to say more. It was some time since Grace had been honored with so much notice.

"I see you are like me, enjoying the sunshine," continued Miss Abbott, with unwonted affability. "Emma is gone to London for a fortnight; I do miss her so! Turn back, and walk with me, Grace, will you?"

"I would certainly, replied Grace, hesitating; but I am going on to Walton Lodge."

"Oh, then, I won't hinder you," said Laura, quickly. "You want to hear all about this fresh piece of news, I suppose; but, after all, it is only the old story over again. Is it long since you heard from him, Grace?"

With lips that trembled despite her efforts to steady them and without heeding Laura's last question, Grace articulated:

"What news?"

"Surely you are not going to say you don't know!" said Laura, with a little laugh. "Why, the marriage of your old friend, Mr. Argent, of course."

"Is he married?" asked Grace. She spoke as quietly as usual, and Laura was not to know how her heart was throbbing.

"Oh, I don't say that, exactly," said Laura, with that air of importance which so many assume when telling others something they do not know. "I believe he is just now in a pleasing state of fluttering anticipation—just on the eve of matrimony, you know. But is it possible?" she added, breaking off abruptly, "that this is the first you have heard of it? Why, I thought you and he kept up a regular correspondence?"

"He has written to my aunt two or three times," replied Grace, with a heightening of color that was not confusion, "but never to me."

"Oh, I had been told otherwise," continued Laura. "Well, you must feel very glad that he has none of your old letters to laugh over with his wife, though I daresay, when I come to think of it, he would not write to you. Gentlemen are fond enough of flirting, but they prefer word of mouth to paper. It was too bad of him, though, to go on with you as he did, and engaged no doubt all the time. For my own part I always saw what he was, and discountenanced his attentions from the beginning. But Grace, are you not surprised."

"No, not at all," replied Grace, calmly.

"Well, I'm glad you take it so," said Laura. "Some girls might have fancied anything from his behavior to you. I hear he is to be at the Lodge by the New Year; so I suppose he will bring his bride with him, and then we can see what she is like. Good bye, Grace. I had almost forgotten I am keeping you from Mrs. Mott."

Laura walked briskly away, and was soon out of sight. Grace, too, moved steadily onward, but she soon turned from the straight road into a narrow, winding lane, where she was pretty well sure of meeting no one. She could not go to Mrs. Mott's now: she must have her dark hour alone; and Grace sat down on a low stile, and laid her head against the side palings. Suddenly she felt a light touch on her shoulder, and heard a voice saying:

"Grace, my darling Grace, what troubles you so?"

Springing to her feet with a half stifled cry, Grace faced the speaker who had approached the stile behind her. There he was himself, Henry Argent, looking as he had looked of old, and yet not the same exactly. His eyes had never looked into hers as they were looking now, his hand had never clasped hers as she felt it clasped now, and he had said, "My darling Grace." Overwhelmed with astonishment as she was, these words rang in her ears with a distinctness almost painful. What could they mean?

"Grace," he repeated again coming closer, "won't you speak to me?—tell me your griefs." He waited an instant, and then asked, "Are you not glad to see me?"

The sudden look she gave him was enough; he knew she was unchanged by Time; the rest he could learn presently. So, still holding her hand, he made her sit down again and placed himself by her side, remaining quite still and silent till her calmness was restored. Then passing his arm gently round her shoulders and bringing her averted face round to where he could see it, he said gently, and with a smile, "And now tell me what you were crying for? But say first, was your trouble one that I could not remove?"

But she would not reply. Love him as she might, he had avowed no love for her, and had no right to ask; but he knew her thoughts almost as soon as they had entered her mind.

"Well, let me speak first," he said, very quietly; "and when you have heard me, you shall do as you like about giving me an answer. When I went away seven months ago, Grace, (it seems more like seven years) I left my heart with you; yes, with you, darling. I loved you dearly, but I love you now I think more dearly still. You were too artless to hide what you felt, Grace. I knew I had then only to tell my love and you would give yourself to me. But, idiot as I was, I fancied that even you needed a test—that perhaps you would be like so many others I have known, won by the first fresh face, and forget me when I was no longer near you. So I went, meaning, as you know, to stay the whole year; but I could not. I found I loved you too well; that, in trying you, I was only inflicting penance on myself. Can you forgive me, dearest, for this shade of doubt? It shall, I promise you, be the last. Am I presuming when I say that the first look you gave me told plainly your heart was mine still? Tell me, Grace, shall it always be so?"

Lower and lower her head had drooped, borne down, as it were, by a load of happiness; but it was stayed at last in its proper resting place; and, in a state of joy too deep for utterance, Grace sat perfectly still, listening to his whispered words of love. The sun shone upon them brightly, and the birds carolled above their heads, as if they, too, rejoiced in their reunion.

"And now, Grace," said Henry, as they rose to walk on, "am I to hear the origin of those tearful eyes. What was it, love?"

Grace repeated what had passed between herself and Laura Abbott.

"That report is owing to a letter I wrote my aunt," he said. "Presuming on your fidelity I informed her I was about to change my condition, and that, soon after my return, I hoped to have the pleasure of introducing my wife at Walton Lodge."

No one saw much more of Laura again until the first of January when she was present at the party at Walton Lodge, it being nothing more or less then a ball in honor of the nuptials of Henry Argent and Grace Wilton, which were celebrated on New Year's Day in memory of their first meeting.

THE UTMOST.

BY S. A. M.

When our spirit grows faint with its burden of care,
And seems ready to barter its hope for despair;
Through this season of trial, whate'er it may be,
There's a whisper of comfort for thee and for me.
'Tis a motto which patience and toil must reveal,
While onward, with shoulder pressed firm "to the wheel."
We conquer the bad, though we scarce win the good,
Still cheered by the thought that we've "done what we could."

It may be but little, the most we can do,
But this matters not if our motives be true;
We shall never go wrong while we steadily try
To redeem every hour as it passes us by.
Employment alone makes this life worth the living,
We must give our whole time, nor be grudging in giving.
God's work is unceasing for beauty and good,
And of us be it whispered, "They've done what they could."

Oh, brave soul or feeble! whichever it be,
But Faith's gentle whisper bring comfort to thee,
If strong in thy workings of purpose and will,
Let their powers be directed to battle with ill
If faint and afflicted, yet slow to repine,
Think whose strength was "made perfect in weakness" like thine—
Whose love was unceasing in working our good,
And who first breathed the words, "She hath done what she could!"

Anna's Plan.

BY EDWARD ARNOLD.

MR. GRACEY stood before the fire, and poked the glowing coals vigorously—when he was vexed he always did that, by way, I suppose, of satisfying his desire to strike whoever he happened to be vexed with.

This time it was with his pretty daughter, Anna, who was making her shining knitting-needles fly faster than her father did the poker, while her bright brown eyes gazed somewhat defiantly at the form of her father as he stooped over the fire, and her pretty red mouth was compressed with a determined expression.

Mr. Gracey's head was shocky and sandy now, but, if one had seen his portrait as a young man, it would have shown a dark auburn, which lay in waves like Anna's own, and in the face a strong resemblance to hers.

She resembled him in his strong will, too, and their opinions clashed oftener than was quite agreeable to the gentle mother, who wanted everything to go on smoothly.

This time it was Anna's beau—indeed, her accepted lover, who had once had the father's consent—who was the cause of the trouble.

There was a dance over at Westfield Corners, as it was called, and Anna was determined to go with her lover, Richard Landon, and her father was determined she should go with a city cousin who was visiting them, in their own trap. And, if he could have seen a letter, from Richard, which was snugly hidden in Anna's pocket, he might have been more determined than he was.

"Father, you never objected to Richard till you had that dispute with his father about the land," said Anna.

"Maybe not," replied Gracey, straightening up his tall figure; "but I've vowed since to have nothing to do with the whole set of Landons. Like father, like son. Nobody knows how Richard's going to turn out. I've made up my mind I won't have him poking round here any longer."

"But, father, we had your consent once."

"Don't care if you did. I take it back, that's all. Now, there's your cousin Tom wants you as bad as Richard does; why can't you take him, like a sensible girl, and be satisfied?"

"Father, nobody thinks much of Thomas Wilby but you. I don't believe half the tales he tells about being well off. I never will marry him, I tell you."

"We'll see about that. As to this dance to-night, you can either let Tom drive you over, or stay at home."

It was on Anna's lips to say she would stay at home; but Richard's plans and pleadings spoke for him.

"I'd rather go with my cousin than stay at home," she said.

"Very well, then, you can go," said the father.

Anna turned and left the room, but there was something in her air all the morning which made the old gentleman very suspicious.

So at dinner he remarked—

"I believe I'll ride over to the Corners and see the young people's frolic to night. I reckon they won't turn me out if I don't dance myself, and I haven't seen a young folks party these twenty years. Yes, I think I'll saddle old Aleck and ride over."

"Do, uncle! That will be jolly!" said Thomas Wilby, while into Anna's face there stole a look of blank consternation, which did not escape Mr. Gracey, and he slyly chuckled to himself—

"Aha! reckon I've matched them this time!"

But Anna's wits were busy, too, while she was helping her mother wash the dinner-dishes. Suddenly, as they stood putting away the last shining tins in the tiny pantry, Anna caught her mother by the shoulders, and said—

"Mother! I have your consent to marry Richard?"

"Yes, dear daughter. Richard is worthy, we know."

"And you don't want to see me marry Cousin Thomas?"

"Oh, Anna, I would rather see you dead!"

"Well, my dear little mother, I don't think I'll die, and I know I won't marry cousin. But now, mother, I'll tell you a secret. I can trust you?"

"Yes, Anna."

"Well, dear, Richard wrote to me to meet him at the dance to-night. Then we would slip away, go over to Westfield and get married to-morrow morning. What do you say, mother dear?"

The good little woman began to cry, but she said—

"Do as you please, Anna. I can't blame you. The life your father leads you is pretty hard. But, oh, Anna, your father is going to the Corners!"

"Yes, mother, on purpose to watch us; so Richard's plan won't work. But I have another one. I can count on your consent, dear, and a good word with father afterwards."

"Yes!" sobbed the mother.

"That's a dear, good mother," said Anna, kissing her; "don't think I do not appreciate your sacrifice, for I do. And after all's done, I'm sure father has too much sense not to make the best of it."

"I'll do my best for you, dear."

"I know you will, mother! I won't tell you my plan, for it might get you into trouble. And I must get to work now, for I have no time to lose."

Anna found a chance to send her lover a little note, which contained only these words—

"DEAR RICHARD.—I can't go to the Corners. But meet me at Willis' Half way House about eight o'clock, with a fast horse and chaise. Don't be astonished if I come alone, but only be ready for me quick.

"ANNA."

And her message brought her lover's answer, written hastily upon a scrap of her own note, simply saying—

"All right, and all ready.

"RICHARD."

Anna was dressed and in good spirits when her father rode away, at night, and very soon Thomas drove the light chaise round to the door, and helped her to her seat, quite delighted with her gracious friendliness for his cousin Anna was not always ready to show him much favor.

It was a glorious moonlight night, every leaf and twig showing against the white snow.

They rode gaily along for a mile or two, and Anna took special pains to make herself agreeable, until she thought it was about time to set her plan working.

Suddenly, on pretence of arranging the rug, Anna stooped over and dextrously dropped her muff into the snow.

She gave a slight scream.

"Oh! I've dropped my muff; and it was new, a Christmas present from father. Do please get out and get it. I can hold the horse."

Unsuspicious and obliging, Thomas handed his deceitful little cousin the reins, and sprang out to get the muff.

Quick as thought, Anna drew the reins tightly, caught the light whip from its socket, gave the swift horse a cut, and sent it flying down the road as light as an arrow, while poor Thomas, not comprehending her game as yet, ran shouting after them.

But he was soon left far, far behind, while on flew the bay horse, guided by Anna's steady touch, until she drew it up, reeking with foam, under the long shed at Willis'.

Another chaise was there, and, in the moonlight, Anna recognized Richard's fast grey mare.

He came forward at once.

"Is it you, Anna?"

"Yes, Richard," she said springing out, "Tell the boy to blanket my horse; he's all in a sweat, and keep him here till Cousin Tom comes for him. He'll be here soon, I fancy. Are you ready?"

"Yes, all ready. Jump into my chaise quick, Anna. We'll explain as we go along. You'll go to Westfield with me, dear?"

"Anywhere you please, Dick, only let us be quick."

Dick put her into his chaise, gave a few brief orders to the astonished groom, and was far on the road in a minute more.

Long Mr. Gracey waited at the dance, but neither Tom, Richard, nor Anna came.

At last convinced that something was wrong, he mounted his horse and rode back, meeting Thomas half-way from Willis' with his news.

Thomas was for instant pursuit, but the old gentleman vowed nobody should go after her or bring her back; she had made her own bed, and she might lie on it for all he cared, whether she found it comfortable or not.

So home went the old father, and nursed his wrath until the next morning, when a note was brought from Anna, begging Thomas's pardon for the cavalier way in which she was obliged to desert him the night before, saying that Richard and herself were married, and gone home to Father Landon's, and were waiting to know if they might come over and ask her parents' forgiveness.

Now Mr. Gracey did know when to make the best of a thing, and he admired his daughter the more for the will and spirit which equaled his own.

So, after fuming and fretting awhile, he said—

"Well, I give in. She's a match for me! Really Gracey pride that! Wife, scare up your fattest turkey, and I'll go and bring them home to dinner."

A Bit of Luck.

BY HENRY FAITH.

AT the time when the fever of enterprise on the diamond-fields became the rage, I took my passage on board a steamer bound for South Africa.

I reached the scene of the grand lottery after fifty days of wearisome march under the broiling heat of an African sun.

I spent the first days of my arrival in looking around me, and in endeavoring to settle my mind as to what I should set about.

There were certainly many opportunities of embarking my capital, but each one seemed ill adapted to my views.

In the midst of these reflections, and while still musing on my peculiar position, what was my delight to meet with the very object of my thoughts—my old chum, Clincher, a right good fellow, and made of the right stuff.

Between us it was made up what I should do.

To business we went next morning, and on a claim which I felt a lurking desire from the first to set foot on, and, if possible, thoroughly work, but which, from want of proper co-operation, I had been compelled to forego.

The labor, however, bestowed on the selected site, month after month, proved a poor success; and although we were at work early and late, the claim paid us but little, and we had to eke out a scanty livelihood from its unpromising proceeds.

Matters went on in this way for nearly twelve months, when, one morning, Bob and I, taking our coffee shortly after four o'clock, began as usual, to speculate on the luck of the coming day; and such was the state of feelings at which we had both arrived after our incessant and unremitting perseverance, that we resolved, unless something did "turn up" that day—the anniversary of our departure from home—that we would give up our search as a bad bargain, throw up our claim, and look out for something to do, more profitable and certain.

To the old spot we wended once more; he to digging and carting, and I to wash; and hour after hour, with hope still ripe in our bosoms, we toiled on.

It was drawing near sundown, and I had still a large heap of soil to get through, when, as was my custom, carefully watching each particle as it passed before me, mentally weighing each, from long experience—my eyes rested—oh, heavens! can I speak my emotion after such long endurance?

My eyes were fixed upon a stone, which, in an instant, recompensed us for the sweating brow and the weary heart of many a dreary month.

Yes! there it was,—a gem of six carats weight, of the purest water—the bright harbinger of my future weal.

'Twas the work only of a moment to take it in my hands, search anxiously for flaws, lightly poise the glistening prize, and, satisfied with what I felt and saw, put it in my pocket, and, with hand still clutching it, hurry off to where Bob was still seeking and shoveling away.

"Bob!"

"Hallo!" he cried; "what's up?" somewhat surprised at my visit, for it was his custom to cart to me, and when the day was done, to call for me on our return.

"Any luck, after all?"

"Yes, by Jove!" I answered; "a beauty."

"Nonsense!—no humbug!" he said, unwilling to believe his ears.

"True enough, old chum," I rejoined; and showed him the glistening star.

"He'll do!" cried Bob—"he'll do!" scrutinising the diamond well. "He'll do, and here's knock under for Bob Clincher!"

To strengthen this emphatic declaration, he threw down the spade with which he had been toiling.

"Stay," said I; "we'll just cart this matter of earth as it is dug—who knows what may be in it?—and then we'll finish up with the sun."

At it we went together, and shoveling the loose soil into our little hand-cart, with light hearts we drove it before us to the washing-ground, and there cheerily sifted away together.

We had gone through all but the last panful in vain, and had made up our minds that it was a poor spec, when its first washing brought us a diamond of eleven carats, and the second another of seven.

Here was our fortune made in a few hours, and made forever—forever, I say; for neither of us had known what it was to drink or gamble, and save a glass of light liquor now and then, as nature seemed to demand it, not a drop had crossed our lips.

With little ado, we soon disposed of our stock of goods and chattels, and having sold our smaller diamonds for a handsome sum, with faces as bright as the dawn, we set off on our homeward way by the same route which, twelve months before, we had each separately traversed, full of hope and determination.

On the 20th of November Bob and I parted, not without pain; he for Calcutta and I for England, where I burned to meet once more the dear ones I had left reluctantly behind.

It had been agreed between us that we should divide the money already realized, and that I should take the large stone to England, to offer it in the best market there, for we calculated on its making a handsome figure.

I took passage the same day for London, and the next morning saw me on the return voyage to the haven of my rest.

As soon as the vessel got some way out to sea, I began to feel the old sense of squeamishness and nausea which had troubled me the first few days of my residence on board when outward bound.

I had taken a first-class ticket, and as the saloon passengers were but few in number, I had the pleasure of a cabin to myself, and hoped, after the first week, to thoroughly enjoy the voyage.

After a few days, I began to recover from my indisposition, and even ventured to enter with some spirit into the preparations which were being made by some on board to get up a little entertainment for the Christmas.

Towards evening, however, I was compelled by my uncomfortable feelings to give up my choice of the anticipated pleasure of Yule-tide.

I had retired to my bunk, and had fallen gradually off to sleep, when towards midnight I was awakened by a noise and uproar in the saloon, where some of my jovial fellow-passengers, having imbibed too freely, were making merry over my cups.

After a while, however, the discord ceased, and as the morning advanced, the sound of voices hushed, but there I lay, restless and uneasy, and vainly courting sleep.

Suddenly, as I lay thus anxious, restless, and weary, I became conscious of the sound of muffled footsteps approaching, and seemingly gliding into my room, the door of which I had left open.

Presently the intruder was within, and with feet bare, softly moving about among the furniture.

In my then state of nervous excitement, I became alarmed, and from the suddenness with which I was taken aback, I was unable to speak, and half-paralysed, waited, with a painful sense of uncertainty, what would next occur.

Groping about in the dark, my suspicious visitor drew nearer my bunk; slowly and gently his hands moved along the bedclothes, which were lightly thrown over me.

My heart beat rapidly, and thumped loudly against my chest, while a chilly perspiration burst from every pore in my skin, as I felt the bony fingers gliding towards my throat.

At that moment the blood tingled sharply through my limbs, and with an effort of desperation, I sprang up, and, flinging my arms forward, grasped—heavens! what was it I grasped?

With a wild shriek, I loosed my hold, my unseen enemy fled, and I fell to the floor.

All was dark, and, for a moment I felt as if I had awoke from a terrible dream, but a second thought convinced me it was all too real.

By this time my fellow passengers, from adjacent cabins, roused from their slumbers by my scream of terror, hurried to inquire the cause of my disturbance.

None, however, could throw any light upon the matter, until the captain, coming forward, and hearing my story, at once cleared up the mystery.

A baboon that was being taken to England be one of the passengers, as a present to the Zoological Society, not having been carefully secured, had somehow managed to escape from his place of confinement during the night, and wandering about, had made his way into the saloon.

Finding the door of my room open, he had stolen in, and created the sensation, the remembrance of which each Christmas Eve must forcibly recall.

Powdered soapstone seems to be the latest article used for the adulteration of butter.

There are in the world seventy-five schools for idiots.

OUT WITH THE TIDE.

BY W. H. L.

Along the gleaming silver sand
The tide swings blithely out and in;
The little waves with joyous din
Run up to greet the land.
Behind yon rosy fleck of mist
That floats above the harbor bar,
With one impassioned twilight star,
The sweet moon keeping tryst.

Slow falls the Night; and waste and wide
Above the lone sea solitudes,
Some mighty spell of sadness broods,
Wrought by the murmuring tide.
Oh, hasten, love, in fear and doubt
I count the fateful moments o'er,
While ever, with a deepening roar,
The tide swings in and out.

Across yon breezy garden reach
I watch your rose-wreathed lattice gleam,
As one who seeth in a dream
Some joy beyond his reach.
And yet, my sweet, I dare to hold
That raven locks are more than gray;
And youth and loving hearts outweigh
The claims of rank and gold.

Come, dearest, why should we delay?
The tide is full—the wind is fair—
The joyous billows leap to bear
Our free bark far away!
Across the light, into the night
That glooms beyond the harbor bar,
To follow in the westward flight
Of setting moon and star.

She lays her slender hand in mine—
Dear little hand that trembles so—
Go, winds, across the world, and blow
Us unto spheres divine.
Her head droops flower-like to my breast—
And out into the world so wide
Upon the turning of the tide
We drift in fateful quest.

THE LOST WIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH.

CHAPTER VIII.

THEY entered it just in time to see Clara place a letter in her bosom. The baronet was standing near her.

"Not a word," whispered her husband, hoarsely.

Miss Berrington felt, if possible, more surprised than her brother. Even now, with the evidence of her eyes, and much as she hated her sister-in-law, she could not believe her guilty of any serious impropriety, although it answered her purpose to affect to do so.

"Oh, Edward, what am I——"

"Not a word," interrupted the jealous husband, leading her away.

Mr. Berrington was keenly sensitive on the subject of ridicule. The dread of being pointed at as a dishonored man inflicted a keener pang than the possible wreck of his domestic peace.

Publicity he determined to avoid, yet not forego the retribution due to his outraged name. If Clara were really faithless—and the conviction was burning itself deeper and deeper into his heart and brain—he would exact a penalty far more terrible than public exposure could inflict, the mere loss of position, followed, probably, by marriage with the betrayer. The world had laughed at him, and predicted all kinds of things on his marriage with one so much younger than himself. Any agony, he thought, would be more endurable than the shame of knowing it was in the right.

"Are you ill Edward?" inquired his wife, struck by his silence during their ride home.

"A fearful headache," said her sister-in-law, answering for him.

"Why did you not tell me that? We might have quitted sooner."

"Hypocrite!" was the word that rose to the lips of both her hearers.

The following morning, under the pretence that unexpected business called him away, the unhappy man started for London to consult with Paul Lynx, the detective.

* * * * *

Mrs. Beacham was dying; no one knew exactly of what disease. She felt no pain, she said, and yet her features daily became more pinched, her eyes appeared large, and there was a delicate pink flush upon her cheek.

When Dr. Bray first saw her, he gave a half puzzled look; even his generally correct judgment was at fault. He could not seize upon the diagnosis. So he muttered something about the gradual decay of nature, and prescribed quinine and citrate of iron.

It is our private opinion the poor lady was dying of mental atrophy. From the date of her marriage her brains had stood still, like the windmill in front of the Pergola, at Florence, with the word "Immobile" stamped upon it.

The superiority of her husband annihilated her weak individuality. She had married a perfect gentleman, and the one great fact of her existence destroyed her.

Every tongue spoke in praise of Mr. Beacham. There never was so considerate a husband: he even dined and took his wife out every day in order that the servant might have nothing to do but attend to her mistress. The women pronounced him a perfect pattern for the husbands of Wraycourt.

So profound was his grief at the prospect of losing her that he could not sit up one single night to watch by the bedside of the sufferer, but delegated the duty to his children. True affection never tires, and they performed it nobly.

It would be foreign to our purpose to enter into minute details of the closing scene. The clergyman was sent for, visited her twice, and then Frank, with streaming eyes, ventured to break his father's slumber to announce the last struggle, the model husband rose, carefully dressed himself, and actually descended in time to see the old servant close the eyes of the mother of his children, who went to her long rest without a doubt upon her mind that she had married a perfect gentleman.

A feeling of desolation more painful even than grief fell upon the heart of Lucy. She had not even the memory of a mother's love to sustain her, for Mrs. Beacham, although kind and gentle, had never manifested any very strong affection for her daughter.

The morning after the funeral, the widower—who, to use the words of Martha, the maid-of-all-work, had made a very comfortable breakfast in his own room—sent for his son to speak with him.

"This is a sad loss, Frank," he observed, carefully wiping a morsel of egg from the frill of his otherwise spotless shirt.

"It is indeed," sobbed the youth, placing his hand upon the arm of his father.

Mr. Beacham pushed it rather roughly aside, and looking as if some extraordinary liberty had been taken. Frank never forgot the action; it rankled in his heart. He remembered it when his hair was gray, when fortune smiled upon him with one of those cruel, mocking smiles which fall like sunbeams on an open grave, and he stood alone in the world, desolate, unloving and unloved.

We shall be accused, perhaps, of coloring the picture too highly. Alas! it is but faintly sketched. There are those living who, were we to change the names, would start at the lifelike resemblance.

"That will do, sir. You know I dislike familiarity."

Frank dared not trust himself to speak.

"It is quite out of the question your remaining here idling your time," continued his very dignified parent. "Your poor mother's illness has been a great expense; besides, it is fitting that you did something for yourself with your talents."

How frequently have the talents, real or supposed, of some hapless wretch, been urged as an excuse for leaving him to starve with them! His son did not understand this, but he found it all out in time.

"You will start, therefore, for London, and make your way in the world under the auspices of your relative, Dr. Slop, who requires someone to act as amanuensis. He has agreed to give you five-and-twenty pounds a year, to which, although I can but ill afford it, I shall add a similar sum as long as you conduct yourself to my satisfaction, or till you are in a position to relieve me from the burden."

The amount was not very magnificent, nor the manner of announcing his intention particularly generous. The poor fellow contrived to utter the words, "Thank you, sir," but they almost choked him.

"What is to become of Lucy?" he added. "You are not going to send her away with twenty-five pounds a year, are you, father?"

"Certainly not. Your sister will not cost me a single shilling. Miss Creech has undertaken to provide for her. I expect the lady down this evening. Mind you are very polite with her."

"Yes, sir."

"Not that you have anything to expect from that quarter. She has a horror of boys. As you will have to escort your sister and her to town, you had better pack up to-night. I have laid out my great coat; it was new only last winter, and will make you a very good one. Martha will give it to you."

Mr. Beacham rose from his chair, brushed his hat very carefully, and taking his cane from the corner, started for his usual walk.

Frank did not feel particularly delighted in hearing the manner Lucy was to be disposed of. He had a faint recollection of the lady, a short, stout, cob-built woman, who wore her hair a-crop and was exceedingly didactic in her conversation. She had visited his mother at Wraycourt when he was quite a child.

"It will not be very jolly for her," he thought; "but I will not dishearten her."

He had a long conversation with his sister, who informed him that Miss Creech lived at Hornsey; she had learnt that much; that Hornsey was near London, she did not exactly know how near, consequently they might frequently see each other.

In the course of the day Frank called at Mrs. Brierly's cottage to say good-bye to his friend.

"What," exclaimed the kind-hearted widow, when she heard of his intended departure, "leave home so soon! Poor boy—poor boy! Tom will miss you, and so shall I."

"Not more than I shall you," replied the youth, "I have no one else to regret."

"Not Lucy?" said his friend, reproachfully.

"Oh, Lucy is going too. Miss Creech has promised to take her."

It was Tom's turn to feel uncomfortable.

"Miss Creech comes down for her to-night. I daresay you recollect her?"

"Quite well," said Mrs. Brierly.

"And I have six months and eleven days to wait," ejaculated her son, "before I go up to London."

The two friends started for a walk round the village green, where they had so often played together. Not a tree or spot but recalled to their memory some boyish incident.

Life is a glorious thing when we have only such finger posts to mark its progress.

Instead of bidding Frank good-bye at the gate, Tom Brierly took the desperate resolution of accompanying him to the house. He could not let Lucy depart without saying a kind word to her. His heart felt so full he did not care whether he met Mr. Beacham or not. He had suddenly lost all fear of him.

"Why, they are coming to the house!" exclaimed the fair girl, who saw them from the window.

"And where's the harm, miss?" said Martha.

"What will papa say?"

"I am sure you need not mind what he says," observed the servant. "I don't. Poor, dear missus always said he was a gentleman, but 'handsome is as handsome does,' that's my motter."

At any other time Lucy, no doubt, would be greatly shocked at hearing such opinions. Now, instead of thinking or replying to them, she left the house and joined the two youths in the garden.

"Oh, Frank," she cried, half out of breath.

"Never mind; father won't be back this hour."

"I hope you are not angry with me, Miss Beacham," said Tom Brierly, blushing, and looking very sheepish. "I know I am intruding, but I could not help it. I did so want to say good-bye—God bless you."

"Thank you—thank you very kindly," replied the object of his boyish adoration. "I would invite you in, only I know papa has a dislike to visitors. I hope we shall meet again."

"Meet again!" replied her brother; "of course you will. Why, he is coming to London in six months."

"And eleven days," interrupted his friend, manfully.

"What's a few days? I don't exactly know what I am going to do, but I am to be a lawyer. We will both of us work hard, and when we have made a fortune you shall come and keep house for us."

"That would be delightful," exclaimed Lucy.

"I should think it would," said Frank.

Twice did Lucy declare she must return to the house, and as often did her brother detain her, till evening was drawing in, and even he thought it best she should say good-bye to her companion.

"Ain't you going to kiss him?" he demanded, when he saw she only extended her hand to him.

The innocent girl extended her cheek to Tom Brierly without an instant hesitation. It was done in so childish a manner that prudery itself could not have found fault with her. Poor Tom, his heart beat wildly as he touched it humbly and reverently with his lips.

"Well!" ejaculated a voice, so near them that it caused the speakers to start.

A short, stout female, dressed in a spencer and poke bonnet, had been watching for the last three or four minutes from the garden-gate.

Frank recognised her in an instant. It was Miss Creech. Her maid—one of Pharoah's lean kind—stood behind her holding a carpet-bag.

Lucy felt too much terrified to move. Not that she suspected for an instant that she had done anything wrong. It was the dread of what her father would say should he hear of Tom's intrusion into the garden.

In case of difficulty and danger, presence of mind does sometimes dawn upon the most obtuse intellect. Frank Beacham had one of these inspirations. Without an instant's deliberation, he walked up to the lady and kissed her upon the cheek.

"Welcome, my dear madam," he said, "although you've come to a house of mourning."

"So it seems," observed the spinster, dryly. "Hannah!" she added.

"Yes, miss," replied the waiting-maid.

"Did you ever see anything like it?"

"Never," answered the maid, emphatically.

"My sister," continued the youth, leading Lucy forwards. "We were just bidding farewell to a very dear friend—the playfellow and companion of my youth. It is very hard to part, and our hearts were sorrowful."

Miss Creech, although exceedingly eccentric, was not naturally an unkind person. She believed there was no real distinction between the male and female mind, laid it all to the false system under which women were educated; found she had a mission to reform the world and was resolved to sacrifice time and fortune to effect it.

There was something in the pale, handsome countenance of the youth, the modest, gentle deportment of his sister, that considerably modified her first impression. The kiss Frank had given her might have had something to do with the change. We do not assert it had, but merely throw the suggestion to our female readers.

"So your name is Lucy?" she said.

"Yes, madam."

"Call me miss, if you please. I detest imposture. No brevet rank for me."

"Yes miss."

"Well, my dear, it has been an odd introduction, but never mind. I daresay we shall be none the worse friends. You need not look so frightened. Frank has more courage."

"Frank is a boy, you know."

"And what has that to do with it?" demanded Miss Creech. 'If you had said he had been differently educated, I should have understood you. I suppose you are accomplished?"

"Not in the least."

"Glad to hear it. The less to forget," said the old maid. "And pray sir," she added, turning to Tom Brierly with a magisterial air, "who are you?"

"Tom—Frank's friend, madam."

"Miss, sir!"

"I beg your pardon, miss."

"That will do. Take off your cap, sir."

Tom, wondering what next was to follow, silently obeyed.

"Hannah!"

"Yes miss."

"Feel his head."

The waiting maid dropped the carpet-bag, deliberately drew off her gloves, and began thrusting her long, bony fingers through the hair of the astonished youth.

"Commerce and business, large," she said.

"Humph!"

"Individuality, large."

"Ah!"

"Comparison, moderate."

"Proceed," said the mistress.

"Secretiveness, small."

"Good!"

"Combativeness, fully developed."

"One has need of it in this wicked world."

"Amativeness and philoprogenitiveness——"

"That will do, Hannah," interrupted Miss Creech. "There is no occasion to proceed any further. You may put on your cap again, young gentleman."

Although Tom felt perfectly convinced the lady was mad, he respectfully obeyed her.

"And now, my dear," added the eccentric visitor, placing her short, fat arm in that of Lucy's, "we will go to the house, if you please. It is my opinion," she added, turning to Frank, "that you may safely make a friend of that young man. His developements are good."

"I am sure his heart is," observed the youth, quickly.

"Heart! Nonsense! A mere forcing-pump to keep the blood in circulation. Brain—brain, sir, is everything. After tea Hannah shall manipulate yours."

"And is Mr. Beacham really going to trust your sister with that madwoman?" demanded Tom Brierly, in a rueful tone.

"Pooh! Miss Creech is not mad!" interrupted his friend.

"Unpleasantly like it."

"Only very scientific, and so clever. I once heard my poor dear mother acknowledge that even my father was no match for her. She has published several political pamphlets and books on education; is a great phrenologist and metaphysician. She may make her as learned as herself."

"Better let her alone," observed his friend.

Frank thought so, too, but did not care to enter into an explanation that must have exposed the heartless, selfish nature of his father.

CHAPTER IX.

THERE is no school like diplomacy for training the heart to conceal all real feelings, for accustoming the visage to wear a mask, for involving truth in such a maze of words that it is almost impossible to discover its whereabouts. In a word, for making the straight path crooked, and the crooked one straight. In this very questionable school, Edward Berrington, either as pupil or master, passed the greater portion of his life, and, what was more to be regretted, believed and practiced its teachings. Doubt, when judging even the most innocent actions, held the balance, and mistrust was made the weight.

No wonder if the scale inclined to the evil side.

It is a shortsighted philosophy which, perceiving only the shadows of human nature, pronounces it to be darkness, too. Had he, as a husband ought to have done, questioned Clara respecting the letter, the probabilities are she would have satisfied him, explained everything, and dissipated his suspicions. But no; such a proceeding would have been too simple and straightforward for so very diplomatic a personage;

he wanted to discover a key to the mystery, and not being able to find it himself, cunningly, as he thought, employed a detective to pick the lock.

On her return to Wraycourt, the countenance of the jealous man betrayed no signs of the fierce passions that were brooding in his heart; it was paler than usual, but was attributed to fatigue by the unsuspecting wife, whose heart felt gratified by the unusual warmth and kindness of his manner.

As our readers will perceive, the mask fitted admirably.

His sister, who thought she knew her brother well, was puzzled at a line of conduct so different from the one she anticipated. She could not understand the change which had taken place in his feelings, and questioned him privately upon the subject.

"I have reflected," he replied, "that it is just possible appearances may be explained."

Miss Berrington smiled incredulously.

"And am resolved to wait and watch," he continued, "patiently. You can understand what this decision is with me. We must neither of us by word or look put Clara upon her guard. To warn would be to forearm her."

"I will do anything you wish," answered the hypocrite; "but dare I hope this disgrace may be avoided?"

"It may."

"The ridicule! Forgive the word, Edward, but you know how pitiless the world is."

"It shall never have the laugh against me," observed her brother, hoarsely. "In the morning I expect a person whose experience I can rely upon to assist me in the investigation. He comes to Wraycourt ostensibly as a landscape gardener. It will account for his being about the grounds in all places and at all hours, but you will understand his real character. And now," he added, "having told you this much, you must question me no further."

The following day, Mr. Paul—the Lynx was suppressed for the occasion—made his appearance at the old manor house. He had rooms to himself, and during the first week of his residence maintained a semi-professional, dignified reserve towards the steward, merely nodding his head or smiling as he listened to his suggestions for the improvement of the grounds.

But for the plans, ostentatiously spread upon the table, the theodolite, and case of mathematical instruments, part of the surroundings, Mr. Banks would have pronounced him an impostor.

"How long is it since you saw the Penquillys, Clara?" demanded her husband, as they were seated at breakfast.

"Not since the ball," replied his wife.

"I think you ought to call upon them; the drive will do you good. I cannot accompany you myself, having promised Mr. Paul to walk over the grounds with him."

"I hope you will not let him alter the maze, nor the old terrace garden," observed Mrs Berrington.

"Certainly not, if you object to it."

"Thank you, Edward. It is very kind of you to consult my wishes."

"Whose should he consult?" said the hypocritical sister-in-law. "Shall I accompany you to the Penquillys?"

"With pleasure."

"At what hour will you order the carriage?"

It was no longer her brother's carriage, her brother's horses, or her brother's servants.

"At three. Will it suit you?"

"Oh, perfectly. My time is yours."

Had Clara known more of the world, she must have suspected a motive for all this affectionate kindness, but guileless herself, she divined no ill in others.

The arrangements were hardly made before Dr. Bray called. Since the memorable walk he had been a frequent visitor at the house, where his warm, genial manner made him a favorite, especially with its mistress, when she discovered that he was an old friend of her father's.

"Did your ears tingle very much, Mrs. Berrington," he inquired, laughingly, "last night?"

"Not that I recollect."

"They ought, then, or there is no truth in the old proverb. I was speaking of you—answering all kinds of questions."

"And who might have been the very anxious person?" asked the ex-diplomat, shifting the newspaper to hide the involuntary contraction of his brows.

"Thank you, Miss Berrington, I will take a cup of tea," said the doctor. "Who was it? Guess."

"Can't" replied Clara.

"Guess, Mr. Berrington."

There was a slight rustling of the paper.

"My brother is not good at riddles," observed the sister. "Was it a lady or a gentleman?"

Mr. Berrington appeared to have suddenly lost all interest in the conversation, and his countenance gradually reappeared above the newspaper.

"Miss Gurtha Bouchier," continued the visitor, "your father's nearest relative."

"And most bitter enemy," said Clara.

"Miss Bouchier is not exactly an enemy of your father's," replied Dr. Bray, "and most certainly not of yours. She saw you at the ball, and felt desirous of being introduced to you."

"I am very happy she did not succeed in doing so; it would have marred one of the pleasantest evenings I have known. What is the matter, Edward?" added the speaker, as her husband crushed the journal in his hand and cast it into the verandah.

"Never mind him, my dear madam," said the physician. "Politics!—politics! I thought how that leader would disgust you when I read it this morning as I drove along."

"It has indeed, disgusted me," muttered the unhappy man.

"So it did me, but I did not throw it out of the carriage window," observed the doctor. I declare you are quite frightened, Mrs. Berrington."

"Forgive me, Clara," said her husband, glad of the excuse suggested. "The leader certainly did provoke me"—the hypocrite had not even read it. "I must give up politics," he added, with a forced smile, "and attend to my improvements. Will you come and give me your opinion, doctor?"

"Not worth having, my dear sir; could not advise on the planting of a cabbage garden, scarcely tell an oak from a beech. Besides, I prefer the society of the ladies."

"You appear strangely misinformed, Mrs. Berrington," observed the speaker, half an hour later, when they were walking together upon the lawn in front of the house, "on certain points in your family history. It is time you were enlightened. Miss Gurtha Bouchier is not the implacable person you imagine. Her father and your grandfather entered into a compact for the marriage of their children, who were both young at the time. Many reasons conspired to make the arrangement a wise one. In the first place it would have united the estates; in the second, terminate the abeyance of the barony of Eastcott which both branches claimed, although I always consider my friend Alwyn had the best right to it."

"One link, as I have heard, alone was wanting to prove it," said Clara, with a sigh of regret, not for the loss of the title, which, being a barony in fee, she would have inherited, but the ruin it had entailed upon her parent. "Those wicked lawyers took a cruel advantage, and——"

"Abuse them as much as you please, my dear," interrupted the doctor, dryly. "I am not going to defend them—had a Chancery suit myself. Still it does strike me that, one link broken, the chain of evidence sunders as completely as if the fracture were a compound one, and extended to a dozen."

"Yes, I think I can understand that."

"When your father came of age, he married your mother without offering one word of explanation, I believe for breaking a contract to which he did not consider himself a party. Still it was unwise, and his cousin, woman like, resented it."

"We are not the masters of our affections," replied his hearer.

"I suppose not," said Dr. Bray, musingly. "Good thing if we were, for they sometimes run away with the judgment, and play the very deuce with it. Affections," he repeated; "disease—pathology unknown; but pardon me, I am becoming professional. It would be perfectly useless," continued the speaker, "were I to attempt to explain to you the details of the legal proceedings; never could understand them myself. Your father claimed the title; Miss Gurtha Boucher opposed his claim; and after years of litigation, my poor old friend found himself a ruined man, his estate mortgaged for law costs."

"Which were paid?"

"All but his cousin's."

"This then, explains why my dear father does not come openly to England," exclaimed Clara. "And I mentally accused my husband of coldness in his invitations to him. To what fatal errors may not one unjust suspicion lead!"

"He would have nothing to tear from his relatives," observed her companion; "of that I feel assured. But tell me, do you expect him? I should like once more to press him by the hand."

Mrs Berrington appeared so confused by the question that the speaker did not repeat it.

"Miss Bouchier would like to make your acquaintance," he said, adroitly changing the subject. "There can be no impropriety in your doing so."

"Not the slightest—that is, I think not."

"You will meet her, then?"

"I should like to consult my father on the affair first."

"Perhaps you are right," replied Dr. Bray. "Poverty is sensitive, but my old friend Alwyn must be much changed if he objects. When shall I know your determination?"

"Oh, soon—very soon," answered Clara, with a smile.

"Her father is coming privately to England," thought the physician, as he drove back from Wraycourt. "He must long to see the place again before he dies—to embrace his child. What could have induced her to accept a fellow like Berrington? He always gives me the idea of a badly painted picture exquisitely varnished—prejudice, I suppose. She appears happy—placidly happy with him. It was an ugly story, though, the scene at the dinner table."

Although he did not choose to explain it, it was Clara's spirited conduct on the occasion that first gave her relative a desire to make her acquaintance. The wealthy old spinster was every inch of her a Bouchier.

The Right Hon. Edward Berrington saw his wife and sister depart to call upon the Penquillys with a feeling of intense satisfaction. He had counted the hours, nay, almost the minutes, to the time, and long before the carriage could have passed the gates of his own park, was in Clara's dressing-room, accompanied by the detective.

"Here," he muttered, hoarsely, pointing to a small Indian desk upon the table.

"Had we not better lock the door first?" suggested Lynx.

"No—no!"

"It will be more prudent."

The unhappy man colored deeply. For the first time in his life he was about to commit an action delicacy and honor revolted at. No wonder he felt self degraded.

"You authorise me to do it?"

"Yes. Why such a question?"

"Merely a form," replied the man: "nothing more. None but a husband can give a legal authority for picking the lock of his wife desk, and I like to be on the safe side. Besides," he continued, "it looks well on being cross examined by counsel for defence, should it come to trial."

This matter-of-fact, business like explanation, the allusion also to a trial, wrung the proud heart of his employer with deep, unutterable anguish. He could only point to the desk a second time, and falter the half stifled word—

"Proceed!"

Mr. Lynx drew a bunch of small keys skeleton ones—from his pocket, placed the desk between his knees, and commenced operations with a most business like air. Evidently it was not the first time he had used them. Had the mind of Mr. Berrington been less upon the stretch of expectancy, a curious question might have suggested itself—how he obtained his dexterity.

"There!" he said, with a smile of satisfaction, as he raised the lid; "not a fracture. Here it is."

The jealous husband, with feverish impatience, began to examine the contents. There were but five letters; all, save one, had foreign postmarks. He knew they came from Mr. Bouchier, and passed them carelessly over.

"Have you found anything, sir?"

The right hon. gentleman had discovered the one he sought, and every word of its contents became burnt upon his brain as he perused it.

It ran thus:—

"My Dear, Dear Clara,—Your letter respecting your husband and his precious sister has quieted my worst apprehensions. Still, I must see you again—hold you in my arms once more. I can meet you without the slightest danger of discovery. You may trust to my prudence and the fidelity of those who serve me. Take great care of your health. Remember, *we must have a boy*. I think I see you smile at the clever manner in which I have disguised my handwriting. It is so well-known in the neighborhood thought it best to be careful. I do not even think you could have recognised it. Adieu, pet. I think about Thursday I shall return again."

"Found more than he bargained for," thought the detective, when he saw the thick drops of perspiration stand on the forehead of Mr. Berrington. "Well, I should not have judged it from looking at her. But there, woman are all alike, I suppose."

This was a natural conclusion, perhaps, for a man to arrive at, whose business had been for years to investigate the dark side of human nature. Such a person resembles the vain-glorious astronomer who, in the pride of discovering spots upon the surface of the sun, ignores the splendor of its brightness.

"You are not going to take it away, sir!" he exclaimed aloud, when he saw that his employer was about to put the fatal letter in his pocket.

"And why not?" demanded the gentleman, fiercely.

"What, remove the nest egg?"

Evidently his hearer did not understand him.

"If the lady misses the letter it will put her upon her guard, all further communications will be destroyed. *The party* will be warned."

"True, true! I must reflect."

"It needs no reflection," urged Mr. Lynx, in a professional tone. "There is but one way, sir, in dealing with these cases; trust to my experience."

With a strong effort, the wretched man, wretched through his own folly, not that we are quite justifying his wife—mastered his agony, and replaced the letters just as he had found them.

"Now lock it."

"Had not I better read it first?" suggested the detective.

If a look could have annihilated him, he would never have spoken again, so fierce was the one with which the suggestion was received. Mr. Lynx understood it, and quietly relocked the desk.

It was in the solitude of his own chamber, where no one could see him, nor even listen to his ravings, that Edward Berrington gave way to the rage that consumed him. In his mad wrath, he crushed his innocent wife, the day on which he first beheld her, the hour that made her his. The young mother and her unborn child were included in the same malediction. A hundred projects of revenge for his supposed injuries flitted like ghastly phantoms through his excited imagination—each more terrible than the one which preceded it. At one moment he thought of proclaiming his wife's infamy—his own dishonor, and calling Sir Ernest Alston to account; the next, of obtaining a divorce before the birth of the child he no longer believed to be his.

Then the ridicule? The shame of the exposure made him pause.

"Divorce!" he repeated. "No, the seducer would marry her."

This reflection decided him.

"She will soon return," he muttered. "The traitress must find me calm. She shall not see my misery—make merry with it to her paramour. I will dissemble, too—dress my face in smiles as deceitful as her own. I have heard of men smiling on the rack," he added, as he contemplated his haggard features in the mirror. "I believe it now. The rack! What are its pangs compared with the agonies of a dishonored husband outraged in that which is more sensitive than life—the very soul of life? My name—the name of my honest father," he proceeded in an ironical tone, "the name thought sufficiently distinguished to represent my sovereign, is not illustrious enough for a child of hers. It is to be called Bouchier, and my fortune is to support the impostor."

He laughed bitterly.

"Bouchier!" he repeated. "I will make the name the opprobrium of all who bear it."

There is nothing like good hard exercise to cool the fever of the blood, subdue the wild emotions of the heart, and curb the brain's misgivings. Edward Berrington knew this, felt that at the present moment, despite the teachings of the school in which he had been trained, the resolutions he had vowed, it would be unsafe to meet the woman he believed had dishonored him. So he quitted the old manor house, and plunged into the remotest recess of the park, where he had no other witness to his ravings and maniacal gestures than the startled deer, who fled at his approach. If any of the laborers upon the estate saw him, they, too, turned aside, wondering, perhaps, what could make the owner of many broad acres look so haggard and wild, and toss his arms about so furiously.

They wouldn't dun it, not they, if they ha' hadden his money.

* * * * *

When Clara returned from the drive, it wanted but half an hour to the first dinner-bell, so she hastened to her room to dress, and found the old housekeeper waiting to speak with her.

"Now, what is it, Goddings?" said her young mistress. "I am very much pressed."

"Shall I put back the——"

"No, no," interrupted Mrs. Berrington. "Your master doesn't like to be kept waiting. Is it anything particular?"

The housekeeper glanced at the waiting-maid.

"You may go, Jane," said the speaker. "Goddings will assist me. Now, what is it?" she added, as soon as they were left alone.

"You expect a visitor on Thursday night, my dear young lady?"

"Yes, but how did you know it?"

Strange to say, there was no blush, no embarrassment in the countenance of Clara as she asked the question. Could her husband and sister have seen it they would have pronounced her hardened indeed.

"I have had a note from——"

"Be very careful!"

"You need not doubt my discretion. I was born in the place. My mother was housekeeper before me, and I know more of the ins and outs of Wraycourt than any person living, except your dear father!"

"Yes, he always spoke of you as one whom I might confide in."

"I would lay down my life for a Bouchier," observed the aged domestic. "But it was not to tell you that which caused me to intrude. It was to warn you."

"Warn me?"

"Yes; not to be frightened if you find the visitor we were speaking of in your dressing-room on Thursday evening."

"Will it not be imprudent?"

"Nothing of the kind, my dear young lady. I could introduce a dozen persons into the house, and no one a whit the wiser. It will be much better than meeting him in the old vinery. That Mr Paul is continually about. I meet him in every corner of the house, prying, and peering, and poking. I don't like the man at all. He looks a good deal more like a spy than a gardener."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENGLAND'S OLD HOMES.

IN "Early English" period was supposed properly to thecover Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman times. The Mediæval period may be placed about 1200 to 1500 the Renaissance, 1500 to 1600. The modern time must be defined as extending from 1700 to 1880. In it natural and general sense, furniture means movables—property easily transported from place to place, as distinguished from a house and land. It has been pointed out that the first articles which began to furnish and make homelike the stronghold of the settler were hutches or chests to contain smaller goods—clothes, money, linen or whatever stores he possessed—or convert them in case of flight or removal. Chests, with painted scenes on a gold ground, date from about the eleventh century. Leather chests, bound with iron hasps, and painted also, have a remote pedigree.

Like dress, furniture is a kind of progressive chronicle; the art applied to it blossomed out with every pause, following each other step onward. After tools and weapons, the hutch, or chest, bedstead, bench and chair were the first decorated objects in furniture. The walls, the dais, last of all the ceiling, were next furnished with decoration, which could be easily supplied or removed, such as tapestry, canopies and mats under the feet. Along with the walls, in "places of worship" held secure, such as the House of God and the house of a great lord, the windows were decorated as a matter of course, being part of the wall. Colored glass was used for this purpose as early as the sixth century.

They loved color, the English people, though they were not particular about having it quite clean. In the fourteen century a good deal of luxury was common in "worthy" houses. The cupboard, once as simple as the table, a plank on trestles, had become stationary and sprouted more shelves, carved and painted in the rich Gothic hangings and dresses. Etiquette began to order the chamber and basin, ewer, candle light, and dishes of pewter or silver, (there was no china,) cups and knives, these were the minor furniture which the artists made beautiful whenever they had the chance. The bed of Edward III.'s time, had become grand, at least, on those occasions of festive ostentation, when ladies of position "received" after the birth of a child.

The dais, furnished with a bench of honor to accommodate the most important person or persons present, was the main feature of a Mediæval room. All the household glory centred on the dais. The best hangings were hung above and behind it. Below, benches accommodated both stranger and household. If a carpet adorned the dais, the rest of the room was strewn with straw. The benches were cushioned when necessary, and then the "board!" Dirty, indeed, if not malodorous! The "little hounds" growled over the bigger bones thrown beneath the lesser ones, fish bones, &c., being left upon the cloth or removed on the sodden "trenchers" of hard bread. The hawks brought by guests, sat hooded on the perch at one end of the room, and under foot the muffled sound of horses stamping in the stable beneath bore a fitful accompaniment to the mournful jingle of the minstrel's harp.

Dinner over, and the board lifted, the noble company, or such as were neither excited nor stupid from the meal, danced, men and ladies holding each other by the finger, or sang, or some love story is related, with a solemn refrain now and then, like a Gregorian chant; while the maidens ply the ceaseless distaff which hinders no jest or tender sigh. Presently the "storied walls" are lighted only by the flaring torches stuck in brackets and the great yellow candles, and on the table dormant the chessboards of malachite and crystal, of gold and ivory, are set for the eager players. This sobers all; it is well if "check" and "mate," spoken by bearded or by rosy lips, leads to no mischief as the night wears on, and the waite moon sends a beam through the rich panes across the murky atmosphere.

Of course, in inferior houses life was still pretty rough; but in taking the history of furniture as a chronicle of progress we naturally turn to the castles of the pioneers of luxury—the rich. About this time the increased demand of a growing population for furniture is suggested by the sub-divisions in the names of artisans, and its progress since is easily traced.

REFINEMENT.—Refinement is not fastidiousness. It is not luxury. It is nothing of this kind. It is far removed from excess or waste. A person truly refined will not squander or needlessly consume anything. Refinement, on the contrary, is always allied to simplicity and a judicious and tasteful employment of the means of good and happiness which it has at command. Loudness or flashiness is repugnant to its spirit. In its home and surrounding—whether palatial, affluent, or humble—the same chasteness and natural grace are maintained. M. S.

Monkeys can be taught to use tools.

FEMALE SOLDIERS.

THE Elector of Bavaria, who died in 1726, left several natural children one of whom was a daughter named Maximilia de Leithorst. Her parents seem to have been neglectful to her, but the girl's character was resolute. She dressed as a man, calling herself Baron de Haldon. Afterward she went to Vienna, and enlisted as a soldier in the Imperial army. She served seven years, and only during a sickness was her sex discovered. She became a lieutenant and was dismissed from the service with a life pension. She dressed in male attire until her death, in 1748.

Leonora Prohaska fell in an engagement September 16 1813 a bullet having pierced her breast. When she felt that she was dying she revealed to her comrade that she was a woman, and that her name was Leonora Prohaska and not Charles Renz. Her friend, Caroline Peters, known as Charles Peterson, was more fortunate. She participated in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, was decorated with the Order of the Iron Cross on account of her bravery, and was honorably discharged from the army at the end of the war, when she declared her sex. She was afterward married to the captain of an English trading vessel.

The life of Mary Ann Talbot, a natural daughter of the Earl of Talbot, was one of remarkable adventure. Born in London on February 2, 1778, she was well educated at the expense of her father. When only about fourteen she was induced to run away from school by a Captain Bowen. She went with his regiment to the West Indies; served afterwards as a drummer at the siege of Valenciennes, where the captain was killed, and the intrepid girl left friendless. She contrived to reach the coast, and shipped as a boy on board a French privateer. This vessel was captured by one of the ships of Lord Howe's fleet, and, the opportunity being open to her, Mary Talbot entered the British navy. She served in many actions, was several times a prisoner of war, and finally, in 1796, when suffering from a shattered leg, was commissioned a midshipman and discharged. Subsequently, Queen Charlotte granted her a pension of $100. When recovered of her wounds she came to America, working her way hither as steward of a merchant ship, on board of which, it is said, she was obliged to reveal her sex in order to repel the advances of the captain's daughter. After a long absence, little being known of her exploits in the meantime, she again appeared in London. From this point her subsequent life was one of great wretchedness and poverty, and she was frequently in Newgate undergoing imprisonment for debt. Out of prison she assumed a variety of characters, being sailor, actress, pedler, and footpad by turns. The date of her death is unknown.

SHADOW PANTOMIME.—To set a shadow pantomime at a Christmas party, a very simple contrivance alone is necessary. A sheet stretched across a pair of folding doors is all that is required. A strong light is placed behind this on the ground, about six or eight feet from the sheet, and the lights in the room, where the spectators are sitting, lowered. The plot of a pantomime can be soon concocted; it should be written in rhyme to make it the more effective, and the action sung or recited as the actors appear. A pair of lovers should come on; the male lover should go through the action of throwing kisses, embracing, then attempting to kiss the lady; she is coy, and will not let him; he throws himself upon his knees. While this love-making is going on, the old father enters, shaking stick at them; he retires, fetching old woman. Both shake sticks, and seize girl. The lover jumps over lamp, and disappears in the air. Rich baron comes on, with long nose; he kneels at girl's feet; she slaps his face. Mother and father pantomime that girl must wed him. Baron rises to take her hand. Lover jumps back over lamp, lies down behind baron. Girl gives baron a push; he falls over lover. Lover leaps up, kisses hand of girl. Old man going to hit him as he jumps over lamp again, hits baron on the nose, knocking it off. Chair brought in. Pantomime ceremony of sticking nose on again. Lover jumps back over lamp, as though he had come from the clouds; steals nose, and jumps back over lamp, spreading out his hands as though flying up in the air. Consternation of all; baron runs away. Lover appears again. Father and mother give consent to their union. A dance, and each in turn jumps over lamp and disappears. A host of comic situations could soon be resolved upon for such a shadow pantomime as the above. Many old popular songs could also readily be depicted in shadow while one of the company sang the words.

A gentleman having a severe cold, said to his wife, "I have to day been told to take hot teas—pennyroyal tea, barley tea, baked lemon tea, beef tea, curry tea, hop tea, celery tea, liquorice tea, red pepper tea, and other teas. "Well," said the wife, "which will you take?" "If you have no objections, said he, "I will take the hot gin sling."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE ADVANTAGES OF BREECHES.—The immunity of Europeans in India from snake bites is largely attributable to their dress. A snake in striking at the trousered leg of an European mistakes the folds of the cloth for the offending substance, and strikes accordingly, while the man rarely gives the reptile an opportunity of repeating the experiment.

A LIVING CURE.—A famous work on "The Utilization of Minute Life," contains the following paragraph with reference to those familiar insects, ladybirds: They secrete from their legs when captured an acrid yellow fluid, having a disagreeable odor. It is doubtless to this fluid that they owe their property of curing the most violent toothache when they are placed alive in the hollow part of the tooth.

BREAD, CHEESE AND ALE.—One of the old customs of London now abolished was on Sunday, after Divine service, the annual ceremony of throwing bread and cheese out of Paddington church steeple, and giving of ale. This custom was established by two women, who purchased five acres of land to the above use, in commemoration of the particular charity whereby they had been relieved when in extreme necessity.

THE ROSE.—As the beauty and odor of this flower caused it to be dedicated to Venus, it after reverted to the Virgin, whose chapels are ever redolent of rosy offerings, and her image generally adorned with them. In almost every country flowers have formed the fitting ornaments of brides; and lilies, with spotless corollas, and golden tongues, white roses, the fragrant jasmine, and the orange blossom, have been the favorite materials for them.

TEST FOR PRIESTHOOD.—Marco Polo, the great traveler, relates that when a young man sought to become a priest in the monasteries, among the Hindoos, he was subject to a very amusing trial. On arriving at the monasteries, the fairest young girls belonging to it came forward to meet him, and gathering around him, overwhelmed him with kisses and embraces. The old priests, meanwhile, stood by and keenly watched him. If he betrayed any pleasure at the caresses of the girls, he was at once rejected and sent into the outer world again; but if he submitted to them coldly, and with unmoved countenance, he was admitted to the priesthood.

TARTAR MEDICINE.—The Tartar physicians, or Llama doctors, if they do not happen to have any medicine with them, are by no means disconcerted, for they merely write the name of the remedy they wish to give on a little scrap of paper, moisten this with the saliva, roll it up into a pill, which the patient tosses down his throat with the same perfect confidence as he would aloes, assafœtida, or any other remedy. To swallow the name of the remedy, or to take the medicine itself, say the Tartar physicians, comes to precisely the same thing. If paper is not at hand, the name of the drug is written with clay or chalk upon a board, which is then washed off, and the patient swallows the liquid.

THE HUMAN FIGURE.—The proportions of the human figure are six times the length of the foot. Any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks make all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin, is one-tenth of the stature. The hand, from the wrist to the middle of the forefinger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, is divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The heighth from the feet to the top of the head is the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

GERMAN STREET SCENES.—Travelers find the street scenes in German towns peculiar and noticeable. Single cows and oxen are harnessed and worked like horses. One is surprised at the large size and physical strength of the women, who seem to perform the principal portion of the physical labor; while those of their husbands not permanently engaged in smoking and beer-drinking are either soldiers or policemen. Girls and dogs are harnessed together into milk carts, and horses are harnessed to a single pole, in place of being between two shafts. The women, as a rule, are not beautiful, or even comely. Undoubtedly there are pretty Marguerites, hidden away somewhere, with their long braids of blonde hair, but they certainly do not much abound. On the other hand, there are to be found very few beggars or drunken people. An air of thrift surrounds one on all sides.

"Moonbeam" is the poetical name for a soft silver green color.

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MR. RIMMEL: Dear Sir—On application, I find your Face Powder to be all you claim for it, and consider it a valuable addition to the toilet. Respectfully,

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TO WELD CAST STEEL.—Take a piece of borax; powder it and moisten it with water; then scarve and prepare your steel in the same manner as you would iron; dip your steel into the damp borax occasionally while heating, which will cause it to fuse before it attains that heat which will burn the steel; and when at the point of fusion it will weld the same as iron.

VELOCITY OF ELECTRICITY.—The question is often asked, "What is the velocity of electricity?" or "How long does electricity take to go across the Atlantic Ocean?" It requires from one to three seconds. One second after the first contact, the current will reach about half its final strength, and after about three seconds its full strength. The current does not arrive all at once, like a bullet, but grows gradually from a minimum to a maximum.

HINTS.—To make good black harness varnish, digest twelve parts of shellac; white turpentine, five parts; gum sandarach, two parts; lampblack, one part; with spirits of turpentine, four parts; and alcohol, ninety-six parts. A small cartridge of dynamite, exploded on the surface of a boulder, will effectually break it into small fragments easy of removal. To remove old putty from window frames, pass a red hot poker slowly over it and it will come off easily.

WALL DECORATIONS.—Sheets of veneer are now produced so large and thin that they can be used in place of wall paper, by simply being glued against the wall. In order to make them, a round log two or three feet long is placed in a lathe and slowly revolved, while a sharp knife of the length of the log is so placed and firmly supported as to act like a plane, cutting a thin film from the circumference of the log, which film rolls up at the same time it leaves the knife. In this way veneers of mahogany, black walnut, &c, have been made, giving the rooms an appearance far superior in solidity to papered walls.

VARNISHED WORK.—If varnished work becomes defaced, and begins to show white spots, take equal parts of linseed oil and turpentine, put them in a vial, shake till thoroughly incorporated, and then pour in small quantities on a soft cloth, and apply to the spots. Repeat till the color is restored, and then with another clean soft cloth wipe the mixture off carefully. In deeply carved furniture, if the dust has settled so as to be difficult to remove, use first a stiff-haired paint brush to get out as much of the dust as possible before using the wet sponge; then roll the sponge up in the hand, and rub it into the carving two or three times; rinse, and rub dry with the chamois, and finish off by wrapping the dry skin over the ivory needle, and drying every damp place in the carving.

HEADACHE.—The administration of a brisk purgative, or small doses of epsom salts, three times a day, is the most effectual remedy for frontal headache when associated with constipation; but if the bowels be regular the morbid processes on which it depends seem to be checked, and the headache removed even more effectually, by nitro-muriatic acid, diluted, 10 drops in a wineglass of water, or bicarbonate of soda, 10 grains, in water, before meals. If the headache be immediately above the eyebrows, the acid is best; but if it be a little higher up, just where the hair begins, the soda appears to be the most effectual. At the same time that the headache is removed, the feeling of sleepiness and weariness, which frequently leads the patients to complain that they rise up more tired than they lie down, generally disappears.

Farm and Garden.

EARLY ROSES.—The *Gardener's Monthly* has discovered that mulching roses in pots with common moss mixed with a good portion of bone dust, say one part bone dust to thirty of moss, has a wonderful effect in bringing forth early roses.

PRESERVATION OF POTATOES.—To prevent potatoes from germinating, soak them for a quarter of an hour in a solution containing one tenth of its weight of common salt. When taken out of the solution and placed on the ground they dry quickly, becoming covered with a light saline pellicle.

PIGS.—Pigs for the greatest profit should come about the opening of spring, with its fresh grass and warm sunshine; they can then be ready for the market by fall, and very few risks will be run. For this end sows should be bred in December or January. Young hogs are the most profitable, born in spring and marketed in the fall.

CANARY BIRDS.—An old German breeder of canaries, when he suspected that a bird was troubled with parasites, would cover the cage over night with a piece of cotton flannel, the soft side down. In the morning the insects would be found gathered upon the flannel, which was scalded and ready to use again.

CARE OF PLANTS.—To water hanging plants perfectly, plunge the basket into a tub of water, and let the earth soak; after dripping has entirely ceased, they may be restored to their places. Plants ought to be covered with a cloth or newspapers when sweeping is being done. Smooth and thick-leaved plants, as ivies, can be sponged, which will add to their health and beauty.

THE MANURE HEAP.—It would be much better to have the manure piled up under a shed, than exposed to the weather. Manure, to keep well, must be either packed by treading to exclude the air, or kept so moist that fermentation will not become violent and burn the heap. If exposed to rain, much of value leaches out, and is lost. If kept under cover, there should be a tank at the lowest point, covered with rails, or a grating where liquids can settle, and be pumped up over the heap again. Add fresh water, if necessary, to secure moisture enough to prevent burning.

THE GARDEN.—The common idea among farmers, that manure and labor spent on the garden is nearly thrown away, is absurd. The cultivated field pays just as we invest labor and manure upon it. The garden, with more thorough cultivation, and a greater variety of crops, pays still better. It brings its offering to the table, in some shape, every day in the year. As the frost comes out of the ground in the early spring, it yields horse radish, artichokes, and parsnips. With the first genial days of April and May, it gives you pie-plant and asparagus, etc., etc.

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SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 1, 1881.

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NEWS ITEMS, MISCELLANY and POETRY.

THE "POST" FOR 1881.

THE POST wishes each and all of its readers a Happy New Year! and assures them it will do what it can to make the wish a reality. The task, however, is a pleasant one, and we begins it with the best of heart.

THE POST has always sought to meet the demand for good literature, and in offering a paper specially fitted for the home and fireside, performed its simple duty. This course has gained the worthiest commendation in the continued friendship of our older patrons, and in making thousands of new ones.

In the future, therefore, as in the past, it shall be our constant object to maintain, and, if possible, surpass the excellence that has marked our pages. The utmost care will continue to be exercised on all that enters the columns of the POST. While our aim will be to render our fiction of the highest interest as such, nothing flashy or sensational will be allowed. In character, tone, sentiment, language and principle the line of the best only will bound our efforts. Everything that fails to satisfy in these qualities will be rigidly excluded.

In our miscellaneous, editorial, and departmental matter the same rules will prevail. The most entertaining essays, instructive information, and valuable hints procurable, it will be our sole object to furnish. But at the same time the necessity of its convenient and interesting presentation—the mingling of the useful with the pleasant—will never be lost sight of.

By adhering to these rules, by giving the newest and best, by utilizing all opportunities for the improvement of our pages, we hope to continue the POST what it has long been acknowledged—the leading family journal of America.

LADY HUTTON'S WARD.

We are pleased to announce to our readers that in this number of the POST we have begun the publication of another serial by the talented author of "From Gloom to Sunlight," "Lord Lynne's Choice," "Weaker than a Woman," etc., etc. There is no writer in the language who possesses in a higher degree the best qualities of fiction, and "LADY HUTTON'S WARD" will be found equal to anything heretofore produced. When we say that it is in every way the peer of those that have preceded it in our columns, we bestow the highest possible praise. That our readers will find it so we are satisfied.

NEW YEARS.

THE NEW YEAR is begun, and its coming opens a new chapter in all our lives. Even those who have passed through many new years, can hardly regard the time without some additional interest. As years go on, our lives become full of anniversaries; and, whether we take note of them or not outwardly, we are conscious of their presence. Happy is it for us if these anniversaries mark on the whole the occurrence of pleasant events, or the memories of good thoughts and deeds!

Not only defined anniversaries recall special past events, but they are of use to suggest the beginning of a new course—that fresh start which is to make our race in life a success, not a failure—that "turning over of the new leaf" which is to help to bring about a fair writing on each new page. Birthdays are favorite times for such "fresh starts," and the beginning of a New Year is a sort of general birthday, when everyone has a marked time, the occurrence of which may well justify the beginning of something new,—is a time when we give a thought to what we leave behind, and look forward to what is coming.

For ourselves, what has the past year done? This must be for each of us the most intimate and most profoundly interesting question of all. Has it given us health and prosperity? Has it brought "the friend and the true, true love?" Has it been full of incident and bustle and life, or has it brought days of pain and nights of weariness? Has its portion been poverty, and has it carried away on its black wings some friend dearer than life, some heart's-beloved whose absence darkens all our day? Whatever may have been our lot, we cannot but think of it as we sit waiting for the joy-bells of the New Year to clash out on the frosty air. Then we turn and look forward to ask, What is the New Year bringing? What will come to the nations—to our work—to our friends? All these thoughts float past. But, supreme above all and most pressing, comes the question, What does it hold for us? Is it life or death—is it success or failure—is it love or loneliness, that lies waiting for us behind the slowly opening gates? Who can tell? We can but wait. In quietness and in confidence is our strength. Such gifts of happiness as may be for us we shall receive with willing hands and glad hearts; such pain and sorrow and longing as may come we shall strive meekly to bear. For all who read these words we wish good wishes; we desire for them a Happy New Year! We are sure that the supreme Disposer of our years will bestow upon them that which will be best for them. May they feel it to be so!

SANCTUM CHAT.

JUVENILE societies for the protection of animals are being established in some of the public schools in New York.

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CHILDREN'S gardens have just been established at Amsterdam for the reception between school hours of working people's children, and have proved highly successful.

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AN English writer remarks that in late years improved educational maxims in the schools have been followed by improved methods in the kennels, and that dogs as well as human being have been trained better through kindness than through terror.

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A CONCERN has been started in London, as the "British Boot Repairing Association, Limited," which is in full blast, with any number of hammers hacking away for every passer by to behold. It is worked on the plan of gathering, through agents in every town, all the old shoes in the neighborhood and sending them on to London, whence they will be returned mended. The only thing suspicious about the concern is is the sounding title, which would be a little more modest if it went as the "Cobblers' Company." It flourishes financially.

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THAT the old superstition that Friday is an unlucky day for traveling still keeps people at home on that day is proved by the experience of nearly every railway conductor. Of the passengers on the New York Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, 15 per cent. are carried on Friday, while there is an average of 17 per cent carried on each of the other five week days. In other words, there is a falling off on Fridays of nearly one-eighth as compared with the average of other week days.

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THE Irish Constabulary force is fifty-seven years old. It now numbers—county inspectors and subs, who are the officers and men—11,500 persons. The headquarters are in Dublin. Their duties extend to every part of Ireland, Dublin alone having a separate metropolitan force. The constabulary is purely military in organization, and carries short breech-loading rifles, with sword bayonet, but its functions are of a civil nature. The average cost to the Government of the 11,500 is about $475 of our money to each member annually.

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"THE writers," says a London society paper, "who feed the craving of a certain class of Americans for English social scandal are mainly recruited from the ranks of discharged English tutors. On the strength of a menial connection with the aristocracy, which some disreputable act of theirs has suddenly severed, these persons, having fled to America, set up as oracles in "blood," write about pedigrees for second-rate newspapers, are held to be authorities on family matters by noodles of the clubs and boarding-houses, and not unfrequently practice the arts of blackmail upon distinguished Englishmen who land on American shores. Of such beware."

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THE finest floors are said to be seen in Russia. For those of the highest grade tropical woods are exclusively employed. Fir and pine are never used in consequence of their sticky character, they attract and retain dust and dirt, and thereby soon become blackened. Pitch pine, too, is liable to shrink, even after being well seasoned. The mosaic wood floors in Russia are of extraordinary beauty. One, in the Summer Palace, is of small squares of ebony inlaid with mother of pearl. A considerable trade is done by exporting small blocks of oak for parquet floors. There is an active demand for these in France and Germany, but none in England or this country.

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THE marvellous accomplishments of the electric telegraph at the present day are seen in the following schedule of times and places as given in a French paper of a recent date. A telegrahpic despatch sent from Paris will reach Alexandria, Egypt, in 5 hours, Berlin in 1 hour and 30 minutes, Basle in 1 hour and 15 minutes, Bucharest in 5 hours, Constantinople in 5 hours, Copenhagen in 4 hours, Cuba in 10 hours, Edinburgh in 2 hours 30 minutes, Dublin in 3 hours, Liverpool in 3 hours, London in 1 hour 15 minutes, Hong Kong in 12 hours, Jerusalem in 6 hours, New York in 4 hours, New Orleans in 8 hours, Rio Janeiro in 8 hours, San Francisco in 11 hours, St. Petersburg in 3 hours, Southampton in 3 hours, Sydney Australia, in 15 hours, Yokohama in 14 hours, and Zanzibar in 7 hours.

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ONE of the recent German inventions consists of a new kind of cloth, which is composed principally or entirely of sponge. In its manufacture the sponges are first thoroughly beaten with a heavy hammer, in order to crush all the mineral and vegetable impurities, so that they can easily be washed out; they are then dried and pared with a sharp knife, the paring being sewed together. The fabric which is thus obtained is described as being free from all the danger which sometimes arises from the absorption of poisonous dyes into the system; it absorbs without checking the perspiration, so as to diminish the danger of taking cold; it is a conductor, and, therefore, helps to maintain a uniform surface temperature; it can be more readily cleansed than the ordinary woolen garments; its flexibility decreases its liability of chafing; and the ease with which it can be employed in shoes, stocking, drawers, underskirts and other articles of clothing, will, it is thought, render the new material especially useful as a protection of rheumatic and pulmonary attacks.

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SEVERAL tons of false hair are annually exported from France to England and Germany. The most luxuriant heads of hair in France are to be found among the peasant women of Normandy. Brittany yields plentiful crops, but of coarse quality and lacking in lustre. Limoges and its neighborhood are productive of exceptionally long and glossy black hair. Throughout the North of France dull hues characterize the growths, a fact which dealers attribute to the influence of the sea air upon the human hair, which, in inland mountainous districts, is generally found to be dark and bright in color, and to grow with great rapidity to abnormal length and weight. The French hair dealer's chief customer is America, whither is annually exported as much of the commodity in question as is sent to Great Britain and Germany together.

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THE possibility that disease may be imparted in the milk we drink has been shown over and over again, and still new cases are reported of scarlet and typhoid fevers being spread by means of the lacteal fluid. The London *Truth* now publishes a communication from a physician, calling attention to the danger of habitually drinking aerated waters. It seems the carbonic acid which supplies the "fizz" of these cooling drinks has the property of dissolving the lead of which the stoppers and syphons are made. This lead, when taken two or three times a day into the system, is apt to become actively poisonous. Nor is this the only danger. Unless the water is pure before being charged with the gas it will retain its deleterious ingredients, and several cases of typhoid fever have been traced back to a drink of so-called soda water, which was in reality a mixture of carbonic acid and sewage.

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THE subject has been recently discussed of woman as an inventor, and it is mentioned that women obtain from our government an average of about sixty patents annually; seventy is the number for the year ending July, 1880. As might be expected, most of them relate to lightening women's work. Among them are a jar-lifter, a bag-holder, a dress protector, two dustpans, a washing machine, a fluting iron, a dress chart, a fish boner, a sleeve adjuster, a lap table, a sewing machine treadle, a wash basin, an iron heater, sadirons, a garment stiffener, a folding chair, a wardrobe bed, a window cleaner, a napkin, a clothespin, a weather strip, a church, an invalid's bed, a strainer, a milkcooler, a sofa-bed, a dipper, a paper dish and a plaiting device. In a recent patent-law suit, a woman conducted her own case and won it, establishing her right to her skirt protector, planting an injunction on an infringement, and utterly routing one of the most distinguished of the patent-law barristers.

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CLOTHING at first was almost entirely ornamental. The simple cincture was the germ, so to speak, of the clothing we wear. After some time a bunch of pandanus tree slips was added and this was gradually extended until it made a complete fringe around the body. When the arts became so far advanced that man could make paper cloth or some woven material, these latter were substituted for the primitive fringe, and the kilt was thus developed. Curiously enough, the dress of the Scottish Highlanders embodies these two stages of progress in the kilt and sporran. As man advanced there were inconveniences attending the use of the kilt, which were abated by fastening that garment at one point between the legs, and the human mind was then set upon the path to arrive at the attainment of a pair of trousers. When the back and shoulders needed protection the savages used the skin of some animal, and it is from this sort of covering for the upper part of the body that we have derived our coats, vests, shirts, etc. But the ancient cloak is even yet retained, not only by such people as Zulu chiefs, but in all robes of ceremony by dignitaries of court and college of the most highly civilized nations on the face of the earth.

AWAKE.

BY G. W.

The sun gets up in the morning
And lifts his stately head;
Open your eyes, my sleepy skies,
The sun is out of bed;
The moon is very timid,
She dare not meet the sun,
With a heigh-ho! the stars must go,
And hide themselves one by one.

The sun gets up in the morning,
The world is all alight;
Every tree is full of glee,
Every blossom bright.
Every bird is singing
A welcome to his King,
With a "Well done beautiful sun!
You glorify everything."

The sun gets up in the morning,
And so must children, too;
How dare you keep fast asleep
The sun is calling you!
'Mid all the birds and blossoms
Your merry voices raise:
With a hurrah! how glad we are
We've got a sun to praise!

LADY MARGERIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLIVIA," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—[CONTINUED.]

NO, Isa,' said Lady Margerie, approaching us; 'you are absolutely dissipated to-night. I cannot allow you to dance any more.'

"'But, mamma,' said her daughter.

"'My dear, we are going at once,' said her mother. 'Colonel Ferris is gone for our carriage.'

Isabel was going to remonstrate, but there was a peremptory something in the look and tone of her mother that gave warning she was not to be disobeyed. In a few moments Colonel Ferris returned.

"'Colonel,' said her ladyship, 'will you take Isabel? I will trouble Sir Rupert to escort me.'

Of course I had no alternative, and gave the lady my arm with the best grace I could especially as she was Isabel's mother. As I took her along I ventured to say, 'Shall I have the happiness of seeing you to-morrow?'

"'No,' she replied; 'we leave early in the morning for St. Clair.'

"'Pardon me, Lady Margerie,' I said, starting, 'but are you a resident near? I mean, are you related to Lord St. Clair?'

"'I am his sister,' she said.

At that moment we reached the carriage, and I had no time to say more. But imagine my feelings, Harcourt, at finding I was actually related to that beautiful creature, while yet half pledged to her cousin. I went back with Colonel Ferris to the ball-room, simply for the purpose of ascertaining who and from whence sprang my pretty vision.

"'Oh, she is the daughter of my old friend Lisle,' he said,—'as brave a fellow as ever lived; he once saved my life. But his wife is as proud as Lucifer; and I expect she rather hastened the poor fellow's death by her haughty ways. Anyway, he was too good for her; that's certain.'

"I asked no more, and in less than half an hour I was out of the room and the house; and, to tell the truth, Harcourt, I turned tail fairly at the terrible prospect. I could not make love to one girl under the very eyes and ears of a cousin that I really cared for a hundred times more, and I had not the strength of mind to refuse Lord St. Clair's offer, and brave all the prospects before me, even for Isabel's sake."

"Especially with so terrific a mother," laughed the colonel. "I strongly suspect, Pelham, that it would have been in vain if you had. But go on."

"Well, that is all, except that—that I thought better of it, plucked up courage," replied the baronet; "and here I am. And yet I confess I am terribly faint-hearted at the prospect."

"Foolish fellow," said Harcourt, "you should be rather inspired with delight and gratitude at the idea of such a richly-endowed bride."

"But I have a strong presentiment that the affair will end in nothing," replied Sir Rupert, "and that I shall return without any bride at all"

"A sure sign you are in love," laughed Harcourt.

"I confess it," said the baronet; "but not with Miss St. Clair."

"Well, well, I will bet two to one that you return to the mainland a betrothed, if not a married man," said the colonel, shrewdly.

"To Miss St. Clair?" he asked.

"Either to her or her cousin," replied Harcourt.

"My good friend," said the young man, gravely, "you little understand the proud St. Clairs if you talk in that way. I would as soon insult a princess of the blood, and then ask her younger sister in marriage, as play the game with my uncle and his family; and it is that conviction that has weighed so heavily on my mind. I sometimes fancy that it was a sort of special Providence that kept me from plunging deeper in the affair with Miss Isabel Lisle."

"My good fellow," exclaimed Colonel Harcourt, laughing outright, "it is a superstition—a mere superstition; you are in love with one girl, and have got to pay your attention to another, whom you will find, no doubt, even more charming. It is a simple absurdity, Pelham, a mere passing fancy, that a glance at the fair heiress will remove."

"I do not know, Harcourt," he replied. "There is a strange weight on my spirits that I cannot shake off. I feel as if some unlooked for, some unpleasant catastrophe would be the result of this affair. It is unworthy of a Pelham and a St. Clair."

"My good fellow, what is unworthy?—to get over a passing admiration of one pretty girl, in order to fall sensibly in love with another, and that other a relative of such undoubted pretensions?" said the colonel. "You are not the sensible man I fancied, if that is your creed."

"It is not, my good friend," replied Sir Rupert; "but still I do wish Isabel was Miss St. Clair instead of Miss Lisle."

"And I wish I had your chance, and the ten years off my head that would enable me to use it," said Harcourt. "But so it is; and it is another proof that there is no poetical or prosaic justice in this great world."

"There is goodness in this claret, any way," observed the young baronet. "Come, Harcourt, 'care killed a cat.' There, we'll forget the ladies in a cup of this comforting beverage."

"Rather drink to their good health," said the colonel, coolly. "Here's to the future Lady Pelham."

"That is a very enigmatical toast, old fellow," laughed Sir Rupert. "If I marry Miss St. Clair, she will certainly disdain my humble name, and if I do not, I shall have to discard it myself; but we will take the will for the deed and drink to the health of the bride of Rupert Pelham, and add to it the bride of Charles Harcourt that is to be."

CHAPTER XIII.

IT was a grand fete day at Castle St. Clair, a day never to be forgotten by the fair Blanche, for on that day her school-room life concluded, and the emancipated damsel was installed in full young ladyhood in new apartments, newly furnished as became the heiress of St. Clair. They were not the rooms that had been Lady Cecily's in her girlish days. Lady St. Clair had objected strongly and positively to the girl's earnest desire that she might have her mother's apartments, live in the places she used to inhabit, and use the very articles to which she was accustomed. The countess had, perhaps, two reasons for the decision. Either she had some fear for the position of Lady Cecily, or else some feelings of lingering affection or remorse induced her to shun the familiar suite in which her step daughter had so long dwelt. But to compensate for the refusal, the countess had lavished every care, every effort that wealth or taste could invent. The carpet was pure white, with a small pattern of rosebuds and lilies of the valley and delicate leaves varying its snowy surface. The furniture was of graceful, light walnut wood, exquisitely fashioned; the hangings of white soft lace and muslin over rose color. Then a cabinet piano of exquisite tone, a small harp, a drawing frame, a davenport, and a few valuable cabinet pictures, admirably adapted to a girl's taste and feminine refinement, completed the costly and tasteful adornment of the room.

A newly engaged maid, named Rosalie, of the countess's own selection, and the daughter of an old servant of the family, replaced the old school-room maid, who had hitherto waited on Miss St. Clair. This said maid had been trained especially for the honor by hairdressers, milliners, and dressmakers, in order to supply all possible deficiencies that might accrue in so secluded a situation, and Rosalie did full credit to her training and to her high destiny. She was nice-looking, adroit, well-mannered, and apparently most devoted to her young lady. Indeed Lady Margerie had displayed, as it was considered, great consideration and kindness towards her young grand-niece, in bringing to her sister-in-law's notice the talented young Rosalie, instead of appropriating her to the service of her own daughter.

It was Lady Margerie who had mentioned to the countess the discovery she had made of the recent return of Rosalie's mother to the neighborhood of Newport, and suggested that the hereditary attachment and fidelity of the family to the St. Clairs, and their known character, would make the daughter a safe and fit attendant for the heiress of the house. And so admirable was the management and tact of Lady Margerie, that even the proud countess did not take any umbrage at the suggestions of her sister-in-law, but after sufficient deliberation, to save her own dignity, she sent for young Rosalie and her mother to St. Clair.

A very striking-looking girl was Rosalie Norman for her age—tall, graceful in bearing beyond her station, with eyes of singular blackness and expression. The extreme paleness of the complexion, too, gave a refinement to the whole face, and the glittering white teeth, the strangely sweet smile, added to the peculiarity and the fascination of a countenance, not handsome, certainly, in any other respect. [illegible] the extreme modesty of the air and [illegible] the anxious, almost terrified look and [illegible] with which she replied to the countess's inquiries, the propriety of her replies, and the perfect absence of any tinge of commonness or vulgarity, at once decided Lady St. Clair to take her under her patronage, and to educate her for her grand daughter's especial attendant. Only one question appeared in any way to confuse her.

"And how is it that your mother did not return to her own native place, instead of settling in a town at so short a distance from it?" said the countess, in concluding the interview.

"Indeed, my lady, I think it was her intention to come here when we first returned to the island," replied Rosalie; "but her health was so bad; and there is a very clever doctor at Newport, who seems to be doing her a great deal of good."

"And what is his name?" inquired the countess.

"Doctor Fitzpatrick, my lady,—he is the only physician that has done my mother any good; and he is so kind, that he scarcely charges her anything for the visits or the medicine."

"And what was the matter with your mother?" said the countess, smiling pleasantly.

"I do not know, my lady; she used to suffer a great deal of pain sometimes, and have strange fainting fits; but the medicine the doctor gave her did her a great deal of good, and so she liked staying at Newport best."

The Lady St. Clair could scarcely demur to this view of the case, and yet she thought for some minutes before putting her next question.

"And could she do without you?"

"Yes, my lady,—Doctor Fitzpatrick and Lady Margerie both said your ladyship was the first person to be considered; and therefore, if your ladyship thought proper, they would find some one to be with my mother. If I can be of any use to your ladyship or to the family——"

A shade came over Lady St. Clair's face.

"Lady Margerie spoke to this Doctor Fitzpatrick, then, on the subject?"

"Yes, my lady; that is how Lady Margerie knew first that my mother was here, my lady."

The countess made no reply,—it would have been unlike her to express the slightest curiosity or the least surprise to one so beneath her in station as the young Rosalie, but she at once dismissed the girl with, "I shall drive over to Newport in a day or two, and arrange finally with your mother;" and she did so.

Lady Margerie quickly satisfied the countess on the subject of Doctor Fitzpatrick.

"Certainly, Helena," said Lady Margerie, "certainly I should repose full confidence in persons whom he recommended, even if this girl and her mother were not so well-known to you. I knew him well when I lived in Italy, and a more skilful, honorable, or kindly man, I never met. He is too, a singularly independent man, doing as he pleases, and daring to think and to act without staying in the beaten path."

The countess smiled. She hardly ever laughed.

"Ah, Margerie," she said, "it is safer to do so sometimes, depend upon it. However, of course, if you know this gentleman it is enough. But I confess it rather staggered me for the moment that he should take so much interest in a young girl and in my concerns."

"My dear Helena, can you suppose there is any one in the island who has not sufficient respect for the St. Clairs to take every pains to serve them?" said Lady Margerie, proudly. "And, I, myself, could have fully credited it, even had not my own knowledge of Doctor Fitzpatrick assured me of his character."

Thus it was settled, and Lady St. Clair drove over to Newport, made every necessary arrangement in about an hour (she was never dilatory in her proceedings, when her resolution was taken,) and in the course of the week Rosalie was placed under the care of proper persons to educate her for the especial purpose of entering on the services of the heiress. But though she was under the tutelage of the professors of these arts, she still remained at her mother's house, and still had the benefit and advantage of Dr. Fitzpatrick's instruction. But it is not our purpose to give in detail a description of the various conversations between the patron and the pupil. It is sufficient to give a slight sketch of the last interview that took place between them before the girl assumed her duties as maid and companion to the heiress of St. Clair.

Rosalie had completed her preparations. Her last lesson had been taken, her last article of dress completed, the young woman engaged to attend in her place on her mother had arrived to assume her new duties, and Rosalie said to the half proud, half-discontented mother, "I must go and bid Dr. Fitzpatrick good-bye."

"And tell him," said Mrs. Norman, "to come as soon as you are gone, I feel one of my attacks coming on."

Rosalie walked steadily and quickly to Dr. Fitzpatrick's. Her mind was full of plans and projects for the future, and regrets for the present. The pale cheek was flushed, and the glittering eyes absolutely sparkled with excitement. She paused before the door ere she rang the bell. Then the trembling hand, white and slender as a lady's, gave a sudden sharp peal, and she then drew her thick veil down as if to conceal the conscious agitation of her features.

The ring was quickly answered, and Rosalie walked in like a frequent and accustomed guest, unbidden and almost unannounced. The doctor was in his study, and on the announcement of his young visitor's name, he gave a dignified nod so long as the door remained unclosed; but no sooner had the servant disappeared, than he rose hastily, and taking Rosalie's hand in his, he bent down and kissed her brow. It was but a pressure on the brow, and it might be a paternal kiss, or the kindly embrace of a pitying, sympathizing patron. Still, the color on Rosalie's cheek deepened, and her eyes drooped as the momentarily encountered his.

"Rosalie," he began.

"Sir?" said Rosalie.

"You will not forget?" said he.

"I am here to take your instructions," she replied, with a half coquettish, half-simple look, that would have baffled the penetration of most, but which only brought a smile to the lips of the physician.

"What instructions do you expect, Rosalie?" he said, smiling, as he led her to a seat near his own.

"How to treat my young lady and the Countess St. Clair," was the demure reply.

The doctor paused for some minutes, then he said quickly, "The instructions are very simple, Rosalie,—they are, first, to exercise your own natural and acute powers in gaining the confidence and good-will of Lady St. Clair. You have had a fair specimen of her,—haughty, cold, acute. You have to preserve with her the same deep respect and decorum that gained her good-will in the first instance. As to the young lady, you must be guided as to your own feelings how best to obtain an influence over her. Thus you have but one simple course to pursue, Rosalie. Carry out steadily and implicitly my directions, and the result will be——"

The girl paused for the next words, but they did not come for a time. Then Dr. Fitzpatrick stooped down, and whispered something in her ear that brought the blood to her cheeks.

"Yes, Rosalie, yes," he repeated, "my word is given, and you are pledged also. If you carry out my direction implicitly, and with perfect success, then you shall at once take your place at the head, the beloved and honored head of——"

The end of the sentence was doomed to remain a secret to all, except, perhaps, the imagination of Rosalie Norman, for, at the very instant, a carriage dashed up to the door, and a loud peal at the bell announced the arrival of a visitor of some importance, at least in the judgment of the servant who announced her.

"Quick!—that way, Rosalie," said the doctor, opening a door on the other side of the room. "There, leave by the next apartment, and down the other staircase, through the back door. Do not let the servants see you."

A minute later, and Dr. Fitzpatrick was replying with bland and respectful courtesy to the greetings of Lady Margerie Lisle.

CHAPTER XIV.

WE digressed in the last chapter from the day when we introduced our fair heroine as the avowed heiress of St. Clair; but we would first promise that on that day the Earl of St. Clair and his countess gave a grand dinner to the more intimate friends of the house, which was succeeded by a ball, to which half of the island received invitations. And a splendid affair it was intended to be.

Lady Margerie and her daughter had been at the Castle for the last week, assisting and superintending the preparations, for the countess honestly confessed that she had been too long secluded from the world to manage an affair of such importance as the *debut* of the heiress.

At last the day arrived, and with it the guests at the gates of the Castle. Carriage after carriage rapidly arrived, until a crowd of visitors were ushered to the entrance of the great saloon, where the countess, in rich satin, point lace, and diamonds, received her guests like a queen. And there by her side sat Lady Margerie, just sufficiently below her grand sister-in-law to mark the distinction between the Lady of St. Clair and the widow of Colonel Lisle, and yet with sufficient stateliness to mark

the birth and position of a daughter of the proud house of St Clair. And then, at the back of the sofa, standing near, leaning against a statue, of which the features bore a slight resemblance to her own, was the heroine of the day—the fair Blanche But there was another lady almost equally young, almost equally lovely, and dressed in precisely the same style, who was scarcely to be distinguished from her fair friend as heiress and heroine of the day.

Blanche and Isabel were dressed precisely alike, in the most exquisite toilettes that taste and money could furnish. There was much general resemblance between the cousins. Both had dark eyes and hair, clear complexions, and classic features, equal height and elegance of form; and the identity of dress, with this family likeness, made a mistake easy at a casual glance in identifying the two young beauties. But the expression, together with the bearing and tone of voice, was very different Blanche's native grace and dignity were as distinct from the haughty pride that was visible in Isabel's every gesture look, and attitude, as from the awkward shyness of a school girl; and the clear ringing tones of her voice had a vibration that conveyed at once to the mind a conviction of the truth and purity and candor of the girl's mind and character; while the sound of Isabel's voice, although soft and rich even in speaking, conveyed to the mind an instinctive feeling that there was a subdued cadence which was not completely natural An acute blind man would by no means have had the same confidence in one as the other, in judging by the tones of those girlish voices.

The two girls were certainly worthy of their race, and well justified the pride with which even the haughty countess regarded them, as guest after guest succeeded each other in doing proper homage to the lady of St. Clair and the fair young queen of the day. At last, the earl himself approached the little group, accompained by Sir Rupert Pelham and his friend, Colonel Harcourt, who had arrived at the latest minute, and who had only just appeared in the saloons when the announcement of the coming banquet was imminent. And, whether by intention, or the merest accident in the world, this awkward coincidence, this identity of announcement between the guests and the gastronomic feast, the bridegroom elect and the butler, made a confusion that led to awkward results; for as the introductions took place in a hurried style, "Sir Rupert Pelham and Colonel Harcourt—my grand daughter, Miss St. Clair—my niece, Miss Lisle," it required a great deal of nicety of vision and earnestness of observation for a proper distinction or identification of the "respective parties." Wherefore when Isabel Lisle gave the prettiest and most flattering blush, and Blanche the calmest and least demonstrative bow that a young lady of seventeen could possibly vouchsafe, it was scarcely to be wondered at that Sir Rupert chose to misunderstand the nomenclature of the two young girls, and offer his arm to Miss Lisle, instead of the heiress of St. Clair. Colonel Harcourt naturally requested the honor of Miss St Clair's hand, which the fair Blanche very quietly and calmly accepted, while Isabel's flushed cheek and sparkling eyes were tolerably flattering proofs of the feelings of the young lady to her chivalrus admirer and unknown friend. Wherefore the two pair marched quietly off under the very eyes of their seniors.

During the dinner that followed there was nothing in Miss St. Clair's demeanor that could justify any reproof or even anxiety on the part of her grandparents and guardians. Her manner to Colonel Harcourt, by whom she was seated, was such a mixture of what might be termed the princess and the youthful maiden; so exquisitely simple and modest, and yet so gracefully dignified, that the most scrupulous guardians, the most vain of foppish admirers, could not have deduced anything from her demeanor. And while the young Isabel was talking and laughing and all but flirting with her neighbor, Blanche's manner was as unexceptionally modest and reserved as any young French girl just emerged from her convent.

From time to time Lord and Lady St. Clair gave uneasy glances at their grandchild, and furtive looks of indignant surprise and jealousy at Isabel, and even at Lady Margerie. Both, however, ignored these looks with perfect indifference, and when the dinner concluded, the mother and daughter disappeared entirely during the interval ere the ball began, while Blanche still quietly remained at her grandmother's side But again the countess was foiled, if she intended to give any admonition to the fair young lady, for she was so completely surrounded and engrossed by the seniors of the party, that she could not, without absolute rudeness, have left them for a moment on any such transparent pretence.

It was of course not unnatural that the fair Isabel should wish to refresh her charms ere the grand event of the night, still less to be wondered at that the anxious mamma should like her fair daughter to appear to the greatest possible advantage on that memorable evening. And yet the Countess St. Clair looked absolutely indignant when the young grand-niece appeared and the handsome Sir Rupert hastened to claim her hand for the first quadrille. She glanced at Blanche. The young girl's face was serene and calm as a child's; Colonel Harcourt was at her side.

"May I have the pleasure of dancing with you, Miss St. [illegible]

Blanche [illegible] with a sweet, happy smile. She liked Colonel Harcourt, he was so kind and unaffected. Her grandmamma frowned, and summoned her to her side

"Blanche, why do you not dance with your cousin?"

"He did not ask me. I kept the first quadrille open for him, but he is dancing with Isabel."

"Then you will the next with him?" said her ladyship.

"I am engaged, grandmamma, every dance till supper, except what you do not wish me to dance."

The dancing went on with spirit but there is a limit to human exertion. Even the most determined of dancers must tire at last, and be glad of a temporary rest. So, as midnight sounded, they went off, nothing loth, to the supper rooms.

Now the genius of Lady Margerie had suggested, and the pride and the wealth of Lady St Clair had been able to carry out the hint, that the great defect and blot of great balls and evening parties was the supper. There might be plenty, there might be elegance, but where were the means of enjoying it when there were only seats for about one half the guests—when ladies were deluged with soup and champagne, and gentlemen gazing in hungry starvation at partridges and game, which were beyond their reach?

Luckily for the countess, she had the wit to comprehend, and the means to act on the experience of others.

The Castle contained a large gallery, usually devoted to the portraits of the long decended ancestors of the house. But now the venerable earls and barons, the stately queens of love and beauty, the fair ornaments of many a brilliant Court, were displaced or covered to make room for the festivities that graced the *debut* of one perhaps fairer still than the most admired of her house

The walls were hung with blue and white, the columns were wreathed in clustering plants, the interstices filled with vast mirrors, while in a large recess were placed musicians to play at intervals during the supper. In this gallery were laid tables capable of accommodating two hundred guests in comfort; and to this magnificent and tempting region the large and brilliant party at the Castle now directed their steps. Colonel Harcourt had contrived to secure the honor of conducting Miss St. Clair, by dancing with her the last dance before supper, and a glance told him that Sir Rupert had been equally skilful and fortunate with respect to his fair goddess. He turned quietly to Blanche as he watched the devotion of his friend, devotion too unmistakeable to be misinterpreted by the most inexperienced; but Blanche displayed the most perfect serenity.

"How devoted Sir Rupert appears to his fair neighbor!" he said at last, half provoked at the calmness that baffled his utmost penetration

"I am not surprised," said Blanche. "Isabel is very beautiful."

"True," said Colonel Harcourt; "but others may surpass her in every respect."

A flash sparkled in the eyes of the young girl, then it disappeared in a joyous laugh.

"Possibly," she said; "but Sir Rupert is not of that opinion."

"Not a present," said the colonel.

"Do you suppose he is so capricious?" she asked.

"I think he may be mistaken," was the reply.

"In what? Surely not in his opinion of the beauty of my cousin Isabel? said Blanche

"No," said the colonel; "but he may be in his idea as to her identity."

It was a rash shot—a venture. But his impulse was true and good. He wished to put his friend right with the heiress, to afford him, at least, some chance of putting his mistake to advantage. It was a hazardous game

"You are flattering, Colonel Harcourt, to my cousin and to me," said Blanche, her beautiful lips curling with disdainful pride "I will not affect to misunderstand you; but the mistake, if it be one, can scarcely be pitied."

The youthful face had for the moment assumed an expression of proud contempt that gave a strong resemblance to the haughty St. Clair; but the next it broke into a joyous smile.

"Poor Sir Rupert!" she said, in her clear, ringing tones, without one shade of jealousy or annoyance in their accents. "Poor Sir Rupert! Isabel will enslave him too hope easly for escape and then he will be irretrievably compromised with grandpapa."

The arch smile on her lips proved that it was no feminine jealousy, but true girlish amusement that prompted that joyous remark.

"Poor Sir Rupert!" was echoed from the very heart of Colonel Harcourt; and as he looked at the lovely and arch features of that beautiful girl, he remarked to himself, "I fear so, she says, he is irretrievably compromised."

"Let us enlighten them a little on the subject," he then said aloud.

"No, no," she replied, with her musical laugh; "it is a little comedy, colonel, and of no consequence whatever, so long as the young lady herself is aware of the truth. I engage you not to interrupt it on any account."

Colonel Harcourt looked at her with some surprise.

"How trusting she is!" he thought; "how unlike her sex in general! Oh Pelham, you are a blind idiot!"

At last the supper was over, and again the gay throng were in motion. This time the baronet and his companion disappeared in most romantic haste. Lord St. Clair had strangely and suddenly vanished from the midst of his guests. Blanche's eyes were anxiously fixed on his vacant place, and she slipped from Colonel Harcourt's side.

"Grandpapa is ill, I am afraid," she said to Lady Margerie, as she passed through the saloon

"I do not know; I saw some one speak to him, and he went off at once," replied her aunt, with a half-concealed sneer.

Blanche passed through the gallery, the great saloons, the dancing room, the card room, on to the grand hall, and then returned, till she reached the corridor, where the servants were in groups.

"Did you want anything, Miss Blanche?" said one of the old servants, approaching her, with affectionate respect.

"Where is grandpapa?" she asked.

"Some gentleman wanted to speak to the earl, Miss Blanche, and would not be refused. I took in his card, from what he said, and my lord looked at a word or two written on it, and told me to show him in; but there is not a room in the house where they could be quite free from any one else, and I did not know what to do; so I just took him to my lord, and——"

But what followed was not ever to be made known to the world in general, for at that moment Rosalie Norman appeared.

"If you please, Miss Blanche, my lord wants you at once."

"Wants me?" said the girl, in alarm.

"Yes, Miss Blanche."

"Where is he?" she asked.

"In the corridor, Miss Blanche."

Blanche flew to the spot immediately. The earl was standing at the entrance of his grand daughter's suite of apartments. By his side was a man of half gentlemanly, half under bred appearance. Blanche instinctively shrank from that forbidding, yet half smiling face. Lord St. Clair was flushed and uneasy.

"Blanche, my child, I want the keys of your apartments," he said "They are the only place in the house where we can be quite undisturbed. Can we go into them?"

"Of course, grandpapa," said the girl, with a half wondering look. It was new to her to have such deference paid to her will and womanly privileges. She drew the key from her girdle, and unlocked the suite of rooms, which, by a maidenly instinct, she had hitherto kept secure from all intruders on that festive night

"Thanks, my darling," said the earl, bending down, and kissing her young cheek. "Now go and enjoy yourself"

But Blanche lingered, and said, "Grandpapa, please forgive me; but is anything the matter? You are not ill, are you?"

"No, my pet, no,—it is only a matter of business," he replied. "Go,—it is nothing that concerns you."

The young girl turned reluctantly away, and even as the earl followed the stranger into the room, the words he had just uttered were repeated on his lips,—"Nothing that concerns her! Poor child!—poor child!"

It was well for Blanche that she did not hear those murmured words, well that she could not see the look of troubled anxiety with which the earl closed the door and advanced to the table.

"Sit down, sir," said he, "and tell me what authority you have to state these uncalled-for, these monstrous facts, or rather fables?"

"Authority, my lord? There is sufficient authority in truth; and truth is, what I have now to lay before you Your daughter, Lady Cecily——"

"Well, sir, what of her?" said the earl, frowningly.

The man smiled,—a cold, sneering smile.

"I have much to say of her, my lord,—much," he replied. "Is it your pleasure to hear it now? It was your pleasure to have this grand ball, my lord. It appears to me that you can at least contrive to hear something of the young lady in whose honor it was given. It might, perhaps, have been as prudent to have been quite certain of the position of the heiress for whom all this display was arranged."

"I have nothing to learn on that score," said Lord St. Clair, frowning heavily. "The daughter of my daughter and heiress is certainly quite within the ken of all her relations The life that since the earliest childhood has been known and devoted to us, can scarcely have any secrets to be preserved or revealed."

"You think so, my lord," said the stranger, smiling; "but we shall see. Is it your pleasure to give your attention to what I have to say?"

The earl gazed at the face of the stranger with an earnest look

"It cannot be, it cannot be," he said. "Surely the deep seas cannot give up their dead?"

The man smiled, that same peculiar, half-sneering smile.

"There are many miracles that you count little on, my lord, and powers that surpass even the haughty imperiousness of the lords of St Clair. You say that the seas cannot give up their dead; you forget that many have been reported dead who are yet in the possession, if not the enjoyment of existence. May such an event not be possible now, Lord St. Clair?"

"Then you are really the——"

The stranger held up his hand warningly.

"I am one who has strong claims upon the Earl of St Clair," he said; "and yet more on the earl's grand daughter. I am an injured man, Lord St. Clair, and one not to be wronged with impunity. If you will be wise, I will serve you as you little expect; if not, I warn you that neither your rank, your riches nor your pride can save the name of St. Clair from disgrace, nor the disappointment of the dearest hopes you have on earth."

"I am not the man to be bullied or insulted with threats," replied the earl, turning pale, in spite of his utmost efforts to preserve an unchanged mien. "As the grandfather of Miss St. Clair, the father of ——"

He stopped. There was something so inexpressibly provoking and insulting in the look of the man, the tone of conscious power, the mocking of the habitual haughty dignity of his companion, that so baffled and irritated the earl, that he fairly lost the grand air of mastery and self possession that imposed such awe on his dependents and his very family.

"Ah I see how it is," said the man, laughing. "I must come to the point at once. There is no use in beating about the bush any longer. Listen to me, my lord."

He bent forward and spoke for a few minutes in a low, rapid tone. That communication was very short; and yet, to judge from its effects it was of strange and weighty import. The earl's face turned from an ashy white to a deep crimson, and then to the colorless hue that seemed more in accordance with the usual expression of his stern features Then, when the stranger guest ceased, and the earl stooped forward, as if bowed and bent with the communication he received, the man raised himself with an expression that spoke of bitter pride and triumph in the agony and humiliation he had inflicted on that proud and inflexible man. There was a pause. Then the earl said, in a voice that would have disarmed his worst enemy with its sad yet hollow tone, "And what proof have you that this is true."

He showed the earl a note, directed in a female hand, and bearing on the seal a small initial and coronet.

"Do you recognize that hand, Earl St. Clair?"

The earl looked sadly, tremblingly at the writing.

"It is here," he said; "but that is no proof that you are he."

"Indeed?" said the man, smiling again; "and pray where and how could I have obtained it, had I not been the person to whom it was addressed? But, if that is not enough, look here!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A COMMON WEAKNESS.—When it is settled in a man's mind that such or such another is a bad man, an effect apt to be produced by such judgment is a settled affectation of antipathy; of antipathy more or less strong, according to the temper of the individual. Thereupon, without troubling himself to measure out the proper quantity of antipathy which it would be proper for him to administer, upon every opportunity that presents the means of expressing towards the offending party the affection of hatred and contempt, he accordingly employs it; and in so doing, he piques himself upon the evidence he affords to others of his hatred to vice and love of virtue, while, in truth, he is only affording a gratification to his own dissocial and self-regarding affections, to his own antipathy and his own pride. M. S.

A city butcher told a painter to make him a sign which would read, "Multum in Parvo Sausage." When he got it, it read "Mutton in Porko Sausage." It took three men to get the cleaver out of his hands.

PSALM OF THE BALDHEAD.

Tell me not, in merry accents,
That I have an unthatched roof;
'Tis the hairy head that lacks sense—
Baldness is of thought a proof.

Hair is vulgar, hair is useless,
And to brush and comb's a bore.
Making life but dull and juiceless;
I need brush and comb no more.

Not for wise men matted hair is,
Black or brown, or red is fair;
Let the savage of the prairies
Waste his time in raising hair!

Life is short, and hairs are numbered,
And, though flies are hardly borne,
Still at night I've always slumbered,
When the nightcap I have worn.

In the world's broad field of battle,
Who'd be at the barber's call,
Listening to his tiresome tattle,
Better bare as billiard ball!

Fear no future, baldhead brother,
You were bald in infant days;
Crave not hirsute of another—
Brain it is—not hair that pays.

Lives of great men all remind us
That our smooth and polished pates
Leave all hairy heads behind us—
Let us thank the favoring fates!

Footprints of Old Time's fleet walking
No one sees on our smooth crowns,
Mind no more the idle talking
Made by envious mophead clowns.

Let us then, O hairless brother,
Proudly through life's pathway roll;
We remember that dear mother
Earth is barren at the pole.

—"Bos."

The World of Humor.

Blood relations—War stories.

Always in haste—The letter h.

A head waiter—An idle barber.

Always in working order—Yeast.

The road to matrimony is a bridle path.

Order of night hood—Put on your night cap.

A hollow mockery—A mismatched stovepipe.

The school question—"Know your lessons."

When are eyes not eyes? When the wind makes them water.

Bad coffee is mean, but some men are meaner. Bad coffee will settle.

It is a queer circumstance that a miller often makes a meal of what he never eats.

"The suspense is over!" as the sheriff said when he cut down the criminal's body.

The man who uttered the burning words consumed much time in maxing his speech.

The ice is forming, and the golden stairway will soon be packed with youthful skaters.

"I would like to die to-night," pens a poet, for once coming into sympatny with the people.

"Give me the hand that will never deceive me," sings a poet. Four aces are his want long felt.

A man out in Nebraska died the other day while blowing his nose. It was a fatal blow.

The necklace, usually worn on the street, is supplanted by a red flannel rag for house wear.

Spicer thinks that most young men pull a great many "wobbs" while sowing their "wild oats."

A suitable opening for many choirs would be: "Oh, Lord have mercy on us miserable singers."

The chimney-sweep should be a good customer, for he appears with a fresh soot on every day.

A Camden chap has a girl named Apple. He says that, if squeezing will do it, she will soon be cider.

Why is the letter r the most hopeful in the alphabet? Because it is the end of error and the beginning of right.

The man who was confined in the attic of a jail swore he would bring an action against the keeper for garroting him.

Jones has just visited a deaf mute school. He says the exercises were quite interesting, but not a pronounced success.

We are always told to put our best foot forward. A mule always puts his best foot backward, and he puts it strong.

Married life reaches the acme of happiness when a woman can eat crackers in bed without any complaint from her husband.

The man who sighs, "How soon we are forgotten," has only to leave a hotel without paying his bill to find how sadly mistaken he is.

Street row: First Gamin—"I'll fill yer mouth with gravel." Second Gamin—"Yer'll have a big job doin' it." First Gamin—"Oh, I'll get a steam shovel."

The only difference between a pig making a glutton of itself and a man making a pig of himself, is that the pig at some future day will be cured.

A lady in a menagerie, being asked why she so closely scanned the elephant with her opera-glass, replied that she was "looking for the key-hole to his trunk."

"Bring in the roasted chestnuts before the lamps are lighted," advises a domestic exchange. That's right. We've always noticed that it was much safer to eat chestnuts in the dark.

There are men who would feel themselves grossly insulted if it were insinuated that they are not gentlemen, who couldn't gain admission to a respectable house without the employment of a jimmy.

When a man says to his next door neighbor, who has just lost a pet bull-dog, "I am sorry poor 'Borax' is dead," set that man down as one who holds the truth but lightly, and probably poisoned the dog.

The worst-cut man of the hour is the reporter who, in describing the appearance of the belle of a town at a local ball, intended to say that she looked *au fait* but, of course, the types had to get it "all tore."

On the meeting of two friends, the following colloquy ensued: "Where have you been?" "To my tailor, and I had hard work making him accept a little money." "You astonish me! Why?" "Because he wanted more."

Science enumerates nearly six hundred species of organic forms in the air we breathe. Just think of it! Every time you draw your breath a whole zoological garden slips down your windpipe, and no free tickets to the press.

"Why don't you put the tooth-picks on the table?" asked a guest at the hotel, after he had finished his dinner. "Because after you used one yesterday you didn't put it back in the saucer," quickly responded the new waiter.

If you are thinking of getting up a little scrap-book of maxims for your wife in opposition to the one she is getting up for you, it might do no harm to paste in the item that physicians pronounce sealskin sacques decidedly unhealthy.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," said a Western lawyer, "I don't mean to insinuate that this man is a covetous person, but I'll bet five to one that if you should bait a steel trap with a new quarter, and place it within six inches of his mouth, you would catch his soul."

Madame has a school friend to visit her, and servant-girl surprises monsieur with the friend. "Not a word Rose, I beg of you," says monsieur. "Be satisfied," says Rose; "for things of this kind I am discretion itself. If you don't believe me, ask madame."

"Bray, what do you want here, hay?" said the horse to the jackass, who had encroached upon his premises. "Neigh, you just go to grass!" said the jackass, whinny he discovered a bunch of his favorite food; "thistle do for me."

As the time for employing plumbers is upon us, get the steps to the trap on the roof set up. No plumber can tell what ails the kitchen drain until he has been up on the roof, and if the steps are all ready it saves so much time.

An Eastern editor remarked, in a polemical article, that though he would not call his opponent a liar, he must say that if the gentleman intended to state what was utterly false, he had been remarkably successful in his attempt.

Boatswain of an ocean steamer to seaman, who seems to be hunting for something, "Well, what are you looking for?" "For a pail." "What do you want of a pail?" "I want to wash my face." "Oh, just open your mouth, and you won't have any face to wash."

Mr. Frigsby (at dinner, to a fair Knickerbocker on a visit to the city for the third or fourth time)—"I've heard you are so awfully, ah, clever, you know." Miss Sharp—"Excuse me, Mr. Frigsby, you must have made a slight mistake, for I assure you I am next to an idiot."

"Blondes," says a society journal, "are out of fashion." Young men who have recently married blondes will now deeply regret that they didn't select brunettes. But if they were to exchange them for dark-hued women it would occasion some unpleasant remarks.

The latest fashion in ceremonies gives us triangular cups and saucers. By practice a man can get so that he will be able to drink from one and send the liquid down the inside instead of the outside of his throat, but it is better to do the practicing in private, with an old shirt on.

A lecturer once prefaced his discourse upon the rhinoceros with, "I must beg you to give me your undivided attention. Indeed, it is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of the hideous animal of which we are about to speak unless you keep your eyes fixed on me."

Nothing is so admirable as logic. A German traveler hurried out of the car, tired and dusty, and, seating himself at a restaurant table, cried out, "Waiter, bring me a beef steak!" The waiter replied that he would be charmed to do so, but that it took twenty minutes to cook a steak, while the train waited only ten minutes. The kindly and sweet-tempered traveler retorted, "Well, then, bring me half a beefsteak."

A poet has written a poem entitled, "My Second Wife," the first line of which reads, "O ye stars! Ye myriad mocking stars!" It is wrong for the second wife of a poet to hit him in the head with a brick, and cause him to see stars. How much better it is to gently chide him with a press board.

The school girl: The rosy cheeked, bright-eyed little Miss, with smiling countenance, tripping away to school with her satchel of books, is just the prettiest sight on the streets these sharp mornings. Oh, how we should like to be a school girl, or just young enough to be as near a school girl as possible.

A surgeon at the hospital, on taking his turn, noticed some alarming, but interesting symptoms in the case of one of the patients. "I am not on duty to-morrow," he says, to the nurse, as he takes his departure; "try and make him hold over till the day after to-morrow, so that I can make the post-mortem as soon as we get him out of bed."

It was in a restaurant the other day that a waiter was apologizing for the dilapidated state of his napkin. "Don't mention it," responded the customer, sadly. "I don't mind the holes in the least. That part of your napkin is always sure to be clean." And for the next ten minutes nothing could be heard but the butter combing its hair out in the pantry.

The following is printed as the model recommendation for a servant: The bearer has been in my house a year—minus eleven months. During that time she has shown herself diligent—at the house door; frugal—in work; mindful—of herself; prompt—in excuses; friendly—towards men; faithful—to her lovers; honest—when everything has vanished.

This is the way a Vassar girl tells a joke: "Oh, girls! I have just heard the best thing today. It was just too funny. I can't remember how it came about, but one of the girls said to the professor—oh, dear, I can't remember just what she said; but the professor's answer was just too funny for any use. I forgot just exactly what he said, but it was too good for anything!"

When a young man at a boarding-house found the girl he adored was flirting with another fellow, he didn't try to make either believe the other liked him. He hired the waiter to bawl out in the kitchen, loud enough to be heard in the dining-room, "second plate o' onions, and a fresh plate o' pork and beans for Miss Blank." The other fellow, of course, heard it, and dropped her.

A fashionable magazine says "gathered waists are very much worn." If the men would gather the waists carefully, and not try to outdo a vise in squeezing, they would not be worn so much. Some men go to work gathering a waist just as they would go to work washing sheep, or raking and binding. They ought to gather a waist as though it was eggs, done up in a funnel-shaped brown paper at a corner grocery.

"Above all things in the world," said a youth who stands on the street corners for a living, "do I value the love of my dear mother." "God bless you, young man, for those noble sentiments," said a missionary. "Having so much love and respect for a mother, you need no other recommendation to successful man who will aid you." "Yes," continued the young man, "mother feeds me, clothes me, does my washing, and has been doing it for twenty-five years. I don't know what I should do without her."

Boston brides are said to chatter in bad French at the hotel tables when on their wedding tour. This is indeed good news. Any scheme that will result in making a bride use some language not generally understood ought to be encouraged. When the average citizen is obliged to sit calmly by and hear such remarks as, "Please pass me the buttah, darling," and "Now, lovey, you're awfully mean if you don't let me have a bite of your biscuit," he feels a wild springing impulse to hit somebody with a club, and the man in the next seat would cheerfully furnish the aforesaid weapon.

That invalid wife, mother, sister or child can be made the picture of health with Hop Bitters.

Once upon a time a mule, without having received an invitation, attended a convention of animals that was called for the purpose of discussing the best methods of family government. "What do you know about all this?" asked the president, taunt ingly; "have you ever raised any children?" The mule wept. "Ah, no," she said; "I have never raised anything but full-grown men; but, land of the pilgrim! you should see how I spanked them—you should see me raise a man that weighs as much as David Davis." Upon raising a vote, the mule was immediately elected financial secretary, with power to send for persons and papers.

Apropos of the story lately told anent a shepherd's dog behaving badly in a Scotch church—a very rare occurrence—it is also related that not long ago a clergyman from Edinburgh, when taking a service in a country church, to which the congregation brought their dogs, was much surprised at the people not rising as usual for him to pronounce the benediction. He waited for some time, and at last the clerk bawled out, "Say awa', sir; it's joost ta chate the dawgs." They had found that when the people stood up the dogs took it for a sign of departure, and by whining and barking showed their pleasure. The people, therefore, kept their seats, and the dogs were quiet.

New Publications.

Our lively society journal is now enlarged to sixteen pages, and is consequently so much the more interesting. Its departments are all well edited, and deserve it every success and recognition. Every number is filled with good [illegible], criticisms, comments, etc. It fills the place of an acceptable society paper and fills it well. Published semi-monthly at 2, [illegible] Seventh Street.

"Live Boys in Texas; Black Diamond, or the Young Texas Gold Hunter" is a story, [illegible] given in a series of letters to Albert Merrill, author of "Live Boys in Texas." [illegible] teems with [illegible] adventures, [illegible] After the present number's [illegible] Indians [illegible] there [illegible] that have not [illegible] interest [illegible] It is a [illegible] book [illegible] will [illegible] itself [illegible] publishers, Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston. For sale by [illegible]

"Down South; or, Yacht Adventures in Florida" [illegible] the [illegible] volumes of the Great Western [illegible] It [illegible] is full of exciting [illegible] and [illegible] is profusely [illegible] and in every way an interesting. The [illegible] author is [illegible] one of the best of writers for the young, and this (his latest) possesses all the usual charms to the boys [illegible] As an interesting narrative [illegible] with good [illegible] and far from sensational, it [illegible] highly [illegible] recommended. Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston. For sale by Claxton, this city.

"Home, Sweet Home," is the seventh annual of the beautiful series of Illustrated Hymns and Poems, published by Lee & Shepard, especially for the holiday season. It is an elegant small quarto volume [illegible] printed on the finest card board [illegible] with the [illegible] "Home, Sweet Home" is a fine subject for [illegible] and Miss Humphrey [illegible] has taken advantage of [illegible] The full page pictures are [illegible] works of art, and beautifully illustrate the [illegible] in the poem. For sale by Claxton & Co., this city. $1 50. For sale by Claxton & Co., this city.

MAGAZINES.

"Most perfect of juvenile magazines," is what the Detroit Free Press calls Scribner. It is grown in England is keeping pace with its success in this country, and the English papers are as unanimous in praise of its beauties as the American press. A year's subscription to St. Nicholas is a holiday gift the influence and joy of which is felt twelve times a year.

In the January Scribner an anonymous writer sketches with a free hand the London theatres and their principal actors. Athol Mayhew tells in a simple but graphic way the story of his adventures in Atlanta, and Wirt Sykes gossips cheerily of some characteristic [illegible] [illegible] are [illegible] as are several [illegible] papers, Eugene Schuyler's "Peter the Great," the fifth and last instalment of the biography of Millet, the French painter, and the second of the series of "Six Months at Paris." [illegible] contains a number of [illegible] French artists. A song [illegible] by [illegible] Stoddard [illegible] by [illegible] Society and the New Republic" in which [illegible] more zealous than [illegible] of King James' version are handled in a severely sarcastic manner.

With the December number Morford's New Monthly closed [illegible] The stories [illegible] "Lord Ormont and His Aminta," by George Meredith; "Ann Boyd," by Walter Besant; "Mr. Isaacs," by Marion Crawford; "Dr. Claudius," by Henry Morford; "John Hay Fry" [illegible] "At the Key-note" and "Among the Americans." For sale by [illegible] "Mignonette" "Little Jesse," by William Kent; "Against a Corner" continued; "Thanksgiving Day," by Harold Murray; "Memories of Peabody," by [illegible] "A Belated Thanksgiving Story" [illegible] "Chicago and Paris" [illegible] "Wee Portia" is the frontispiece and the [illegible] embellishments.

Knickerbocker's [illegible] of the spirit of [illegible] modern times [illegible] and the men could not [illegible] to be [illegible] they were [illegible] The [illegible] quaint [illegible] of one of the most [illegible] of our time, is [illegible] North American Review of January by Prof. John Fiske, who assigns a number of other causes that have been at least as influential in bringing about this most desirable [illegible] The [illegible] article in the number of the Review [illegible] Forces in America" [illegible] by Senator [illegible] F. Edmunds; "A Reform in Congress," by Prof. [illegible] John Bascom; "The Future of Constitutional Government," by William D. Bissell; "Popular Art Education," by [illegible] J. Jay F. Weir; "The Land Actions of the New Mexico," by Senator William A. Wallace; "Darwinism," a review of Prof. Fiske's Works, by Prof. F. A. March. The Review is sold by booksellers and newsdealers generally.

The January number of Lippincott's Magazine, which opens a new [illegible] at a reduced [illegible] [illegible] the first [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

FRED'S SCHOLARSHIP.

BY A. MATHESON.

"NOW, Master Fred, are you going out of my nursery when I bid you, or shall I go and ask your father to come up?"

The speaker—a bright-eyed, russet-cheeked, matronly little woman, was the autocrat of Mrs. Maynard's nursery. She had reigned supreme there for the last nineteen years as a faithful and respected servant.

The offender, a fair haired, handsome boy of about thirteen, was sitting astride the table, his merry blue eyes dancing with mischievous defiance. The little ones were standing by with flushed faces, disordered hair, and tumbled pinafores, anxiously watching the result of the mimic struggle between nurse and their popular school-boy brother.

"Now, Master Fred," repeated nurse, "which is it to be?"

No answer, but nurse's face looked threatening; and in a moment two arms were flung impetuously round the offended dignitary's neck, and a voice said:

"You're not cross, old nursey, are you?"

"Cross? Yes, of course I am!" But a curious twitch of the mouth already showed signs of relenting.

"Well, let's make it up. I didn't mean to bother you; you're no end of a good nursey, after all. Now I'm off."

And the culprit disappeared, leaving the invaded territory to its usual peace.

When Fred was banished from the nursery he took refuge in the schoolroom, which he entered with a rush, and then shutting the door with a bang, flung himself breathless into the arm chair, and burst out into a hearty laugh.

"How hot you look!" said his sister Katie, a bright little lassie of ten. "Wherever have you been?"

"Having a game up stairs. It's no end of fun to torment old nurse, she gets into such a rage, so I came away."

"I think it's very cowardly of a boy to tease a woman," said his sister Margaret, a sweet looking girl of sixteen.

"Don't excite yourself," said the boy, carelessly. "I've made it all right with her; besides, she rather prefers being teased than not, it cheers the monotony of a quiet life."

Margaret was silent; she was wishing to say something, and wondering whether she dare. The boy whistled, and walked across to the window, where he stood looking out rather drearily with his hands in his pockets. Presently he turned round.

"Come for a walk before tea, Maggie?"

"I can't this afternoon. Mamma told me to stay at home, as she is out. I'm sorry." And she looked up from her book pompathizingly. "Will you have a game of chess?"

"No, it's slow; everything is slow at home with a troop of girls who can't do this and can't do that! I half wish I were back at school."

"Father was asking about your school work this morning," said Meg, with an evident effort. "He is so anxious you should gain the scholarship Mr. Warden spoke of. He asked me whether you were reading steadily every day, and I didn't know what to say."

"Of course you went and told him a lot of lies! Trust a girl for that."

"No, indeed I didn't, Fred," said his sister hotly. "I dislike telling tales and especially when they would get my dear old brother into trouble. I said I knew that you had unpacked your books, and that I felt sure you would try and please him. Oh, by-the-by," she added suddenly, "I had all but forgotten to tell you that Uncle James came this afternoon whilst you were out, and left a note for you. It's on the mantelpiece."

Fred brightened up. Uncle James was his godfather, and had always been very kind to him.

"Come, this is something like!" he exclaimed, as he drew out a piece of thin green paper from the envelope. "He has sent me a post office order for a fiver; isn't that fortunate! I can buy that chest of tools I've been wanting ever so long. I'll go and see after it at once. Three cheers for Uncle Jim!"

And in less than a minute after, Margaret saw him, stick in hand, hastening down the street.

The shop where Fred proposed buying the coveted tool-chest was some distance off, and there was not so very much time before tea. He was proceeding along at a swift pace, when suddenly, as he came round a sharp curve, his foot tripped up against the outstretched legs of a boy who was seated on a doorstep, and it was with difficulty he escaped an ignominious tumble. His anger rose at once.

"Why don't you get out of the way when you saw me coming, instead of sticking out your legs just to trip me up? I declare I believe you did it on purpose!" he added passionately, "and I've a great mind——"

But he dropped his arm and lowered his tone as his eye fell on the boy's shrunken limbs and wasted form, and he saw the look of pain which passed over his face as he vainly struggled to rise by the help of his crutch.

"You don't mean to say you are lame!" he stammered, penitently. "I'm exceedingly sorry; I hope you're not hurt. It was every bit my own fault for blundering along without looking in front of me."

"Yes, I'm lame. I fell on the ice when I was quite a little fellow, and hurt my hip."

Fred looked at him pityingly. He hardly knew what to say; but at last a bright thought seized him, and he said, in a consolatory tone:

"Well, there's one thing you may be thankful for: you've no work to grind away at—no one would expect it of you."

"No, I haven't much work of any kind to do," answered the cripple. "I only wish I had! At one time I used to sit and fret and fret, till I felt half mad, longing to work like other boys, and wondering why I was made at all if I was to be so different to them."

"Oh yes; of course I can understand your wishing to be strong and well; but as for work, I must say I think any one is lucky who hasn't got it to do. I hate it!"

"Ah, but wait till you find you can't do it, and then you will change your mind about it," was the grave answer. Then, after a pause: "I am not unhappy now as I used to be, for God, in a dream, has taught me that patient waiting is in itself a work for Him. But I am keeping you. I'll go home now; mother will be wondering where I am."

"Is it far?" asked Fred. "I'll go with you. I'm in no hurry."

"It's only just down the next street, and up a little court."

So the two boys went together, the one curbing in his hasty strides to suit the other's painful limp. Neither spoke. Something in the sickly boy's earnestness had overawed the reckless schoolboy, and made him quiet and subdued. Presently his companion stopped at the open door of a small house, and a pleasant looking woman came forward, with a troubled expression at seeing her son in company with a stranger.

"What's the matter? Have you fallen?" she asked, anxiously.

"No, mother; I'm all right. I only got a bit of a shake, and this young gentleman was kind enough to come home with me."

"Do come in, sir, and rest, and thank you kindly too," said the woman, setting a chair for Fred.

"Thank you; but I must be going," he answered. But still he lingered, and when the boy's mother had hurried up stairs to hush her babe to sleep, he broke out abruptly.

"That must have been an odd sort of dream you spoke of. I don't quite understand. What was it about—working? Tell me."

"Why, I dreamed one night that all had to perfect the power given them—some one way, some another; and of them all the daisy was the only one who seemed to have no work to do; but she gave the only thing she could—her 'patience.' It was a very hard thing to do, and God loved her very much for it, because He knew she found it so difficult, I suppose. Anyhow, He sent her a beautiful work to do before she died; and when I woke I thought, 'I too can give the daisy's work of patience. I will try at any rate.' And so I did, and I have been much happier ever since, but even now I often think how hard I would work if only I had the power."

Fred looked very grave! This boy had given his little all to God, he out of his abundance had given—nothing. A new purpose in life was just entering his heart. He too would work from henceforth; and now, to show the earnestness of his wish, he would try at once, and give of his best to God through the boy.

"Are you fond of birds? Would you like one?" for the boy had said how he loved to watch the sparrows flying about.

"Oh, shouldn't I! Father says he will buy me one as soon as ever he can afford it. I've tried to tame the sparrows in the court, but I can't, they get so frightened by other boys."

"What kind would you like if you could choose—a canary?"

"Well, I don't know. I fancy I'd rather have a mother bird. Canaries are so noisy, they look as if they laughed at a boy like me, and besides, they screech so loud when they sing. Some bird in low tones, whose notes were sensitive through sickness!"

"Well, I really must go. I've an errand to do, but I shall look in as I come back, to see how you are. Good bye. What is your name, though?"

"Tim."

"And mine is Fred. Good bye, Tim, for the present.

"I'll buy him the best bird I can find, poor little chap!" he muttered. "I'm so glad uncle sent me that money!"

He turned in the direction of a place he knew, where he had had some dealings with rabbits at different times. The man knew him, and would serve him well.

"I want some sort of bird—one that will sing nicely, but not too loudly. What's the best sort to give an invalid?" said Master Fred, looking round the bird-keeper's stock with a critical air.

"Well, I don't justly know," said the old man, "but there's plenty on 'em. Goldfinches—they's lively chaps, catches up tricks first rate; and bullfinches—they's so clubable birds, and you can teach 'em most anything. I've got some of all kinds, the best as can be got; you've nothing to do but take your choice."

"I think I'll have a bullfinch," said Fred, and accordingly the best in the shop was picked out for him. He looked very handsome in his new green and white cage, and Fred felt well satisfied with his bargain.

"You must put me up some seed, too," he said to the man.

"Very good, sir. How much?"

"Oh, enough—well enough to last two or three months, till I come home again."

"They've wonderfully good appetites, have bullfinches," said the fancier, as he tied up two or three packets; "but I guess that'll satisfy him. Will you be wanting some sand, sir?"

"Yes, put in everything he wants, and as quickly as you can, please; I'm in a hurry."

To describe Tim's delight when these purchases were presented to him would be needless. It would be hard to say which of the two boys was the more pleased. In his eagerness to amuse his new pet, Tim commenced to whistle in a low musical tone, and Fred looked up in pleased surprise.

"Why, how splendidly you whistle!" he interrupted as Tim went smoothly and correctly through the whole of a popular air. "I can't do anything like that."

"It's his great amusement," said the mother, who was standing by enjoying her son's delight; "his father plays the concertina of an evening, and he whistles to it."

"It's first rate! I'll tell you what, Tim, you and I will be great chums. Shake hands on it, and say it's a bargain. And now good night. I'll come again to-morrow."

And away he ran at full speed, up one street and down another, regardless of the thick mud, which was the result of heavy April showers, through the hall and up stairs two steps at a time, and was banging at his mother's door.

"Mother, may I come in? I do so want to talk to you."

"What is it, dear?" said Mrs. Maynard, as she opened the door. "What wonderful news have you to tell me? I suppose you have been spending your uncle's money. What have you to show for it?"

"Nothing!" and in eager haste he poured out his tale.

"He's such a jolly little fellow, mother! You don't mind my knowing him, do you? and I want you to come and see him to-morrow. Uncle won't be angry at my buying the bird, will he?"

"I think not, dear," said his mother. "It was a good, kind act. I am pleased with you; only you must be careful how you make friends without consulting us first. Your uncle is coming this evening."

"Mother," said the boy rather shyly, "will you promise me not to tell him exactly what I did with the money. I didn't spend it all, you know."

"Certainly I won't, if you ask me not. It is your own to do what you like with."

"Thank you, so much! I would rather he did not know—because—because he might give me some more; and I would rather he didn't."

He hesitated a moment, and then, throwing his arms round her neck, he whispered:

"And, mamma, I'm going to work hard all the rest of the holidays for the scholarship." And without waiting for an answer he ran away.

Fred kept his word, and very pleasantly the holidays passed, in spite of the terrible "grind." No more complaints of everything being "slow." What with his work, and his various amusements, and his visits to Tim, whom he liked better and better as he saw more of him, time flew swiftly, and he was forced to admit, as he prepared for his return to school, that it had been "very jolly!"

It was some months later, on a lovely summer morning, that the door of Tim's cottage opened, and in dashed Fred Maynard.

"Here I am again! How are you, old boy? I only came home last night. And without waiting for Tim to answer, he went on in the same breath, "Congratulate me! I've got the scholarship; and you know I owe it all to you. Father's as pleased as anything, and so are mother and the girls. But I say, Tim, how well you're looking! I declare you're getting stout! And what are you doing with all these birds?" For Tim was surrounded by some half dozen wire cages, each with a lively young bullfinch as its tenant.

"Ah, my work has come to me at last," said he joyously. "I wanted you to come and hear about it; it's all your doing, and you'll be so pleased."

"All my doing!" said Fred, opening his eyes. "It's a new light to me; but go on."

"I'm going on as fast as I can. You know the bullfinch you gave me before you left—and see what a pet it is," pointing to his shoulder, where Bully was perched triumphantly.

"Well, I soon got so fond of it I couldn't bear for it to be out of my sight, even when I was in bed. One night I was lying awake quite early in the morning, and for something to do I began whistling a tune which had caught my fancy. I had been going over one tiny bit again and again to make it go right, when what should I hear, but some one whistling it after me as sharp as you like. You may guess I was startled, for no one was near that I knew of, and then I heard it again, and, lo and behold, it was Bully! I was pleased I can tell you! To make a long story short, I went on teaching him all he could pipe almost anything."

"That's just what the man said," interrupted Fred. "But go on, old fellow."

"One day a man came into the court. He stopped to listen, and he was so taken with the bird he wanted to buy him; but of course I wasn't going to part with Bully. And then he asked who taught it, and all about it; and it ended by his promising to pay me well if I would teach some birds for him. He said a really good piping bullfinch was worth a large sum. So I teach one at a time, and get the rest quite tame; and a few I have taught tricks to. I do enjoy it so! What a good friend you have been to me!"

"For that matter, I think it's the other way round," said Fred, laughing. "However, we won't quarrel about it. But doesn't it seem strange, it isn't a year since we first met!"

"I was just thinking so," answered Tim, thoughtfully, "but there are some things you can't reckon by time. I suppose God all along meant us to be helps to one another."

So the boys' mutual liking gradually strengthened into warm friendship; and years afterwards, when Tim had sunk to his rest, and slept peacefully under the green turf of the quiet cemetery, Fred, who had reached man's estate, and had risen to eminence, kept a warm and tender spot in his heart for the memory of the lame boy friend who had helped him to make his first real start in life.

REMARKABLE REMEDIES.—Sir Walter Scott's piper spent a whole Sunday selecting twelve stones from twelve south running streams, with the purpose that his sick master might sleep upon them and become whole. Lady Duff Gordon once gave an old Egyptian woman a powder wrapped in a fragment of the *Saturday Review*. She came again to assure her benefactress the charm was a wonderfully powerful one; for although she had not been able to wash off all the fine writing from the paper, even that little had done her a great deal of good. Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, once gave a laborer a prescription, saying: "Take that, and come back in a fortnight when you will be well." Unfortunately, he had no money, and he said to the ferryman, "My good friend, I have no money to give you for your trouble, but you shall have instead a wholesome counsel." After some grumbling, the ferryman consented to take him over, and when they were on the other bank, demanded the promised payment. "Friend," said Peter, laying his hand gently on the man's shoulder, "if you do with others as you have done with me, you will gain but little by your ferry boat, so be prudent." And he went calmly on his way.

Revenge is momentary triumph, the satisfaction of which dies at once, and is succeeded by remorse; whereas forgiveness, which is the noblest of all revenges, entails a perpetual pleasure. It was well said by a Roman emperor that he wished to put an end to all his enemies by converting them into friends.

The railroad officials of the Old Colony Railroad in Massachusetts have adopted a resolution that they will not retain or engage a subordinate who is addicted to intoxicating liquors.

An unprincipled bachelor says trouble never comes single.

AN INTERLUDE.

BY A. T. R.

Between the hills, alone, upon the heath,
Our farm-house stands; for miles and miles around
Is naught but silence; and the mystic hills
Bend over us, where gazing from beneath
Our house looks up; never a harsher sound
Than the far ocean's moan the silence fills.
The rooks caw in the tree tops in the Spring,
And round the place few birds are heard to sing.

Once on a time the silence of the place
Was broken for a while. He came that way
In search for health, and quiet, peace, and rest.
He read or painted, once he drew my face,
See where it hangs! 'twas how I looked the day
When his love-whispers echoed through my breast.
Not much like me? No, not like I am now,
But it was me, e'er sorrow lined my brow.

We wandered up and down the stretching plain,
And climbed the hills, and gazed up to the stars;
Then questioned their existence and our own,
Talked o'er and o'er the mysteries of pain,
And tried to peer through Heaven's heavy bars.
Yet, e'er the seeds sprang up that he had sown
Beneath my window, he had gone, and I
Wondered, alone, if it were hard to die.

Yet he had only whispered me of love,
And so the silence faded when his voice
Broke on mine ear in those first days of life.
But now it fills the place; and from above
The hills look down, and silence doth rejoice
To hide me from my self's most weary strife.
Ah, well I know that silence will not break
Till I lie down and sleep—no more to wake.

AMULETS, TALISMANS, CHARMS.

THE earliest mention of an amulet occurs in the works of the ancient Greek physician, Galen. He informs us that a green jasper cut into the form of a dragon surrounded by rays, would, if suspended from the neck, promote digestion in the wearer. Josephus relates that when Solomon discovered a particular herb which he believed efficacious in the cure of epilepsy, the root of the herb was concealed in a ring, and applied to the nostrils of the afflicted. Wonderful cures were thus wrought. More famous amulets were, however, those coins called the money of St. Helena; they were so named from one side bearing the effigy of Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine, and who found the True Cross. They, again, had especial reputation for the cure of epilepsy. Nearly all the coins of this character which have been preserved are perforated near the edge, proving the extent of their former use as amulets.

In a very scarce work, the particular properties ascribed to each kind of amulet are enumerated. An agate, we learn, besides making a man eloquent, procures him the favor of princes, and cures the bites of scorpions; a topaz restores the insane; coral neutralizes the spell of witches, for which purpose it is still hung about the necks of children; chalcedony makes the wearer lucky in law, is of force against the illusions of the devil, and phantasies arising from melancholy; cornelian stops the flow of blood; sapphire expels gout, ague, and endows the wearer with courage; emerald strengthens the eyes, and helps a man to wealth. Of plants, heliotrope blanches the blood; hyacinth protects from lightning; dinsthera, hung about the neck of any wild animal, will speedily tame it. The herb lunaria, gathered by moonlight, and worn around the wrist, will subdue ague. Grey hunewort, applied internally, will remove hydrophobia; but, when used as an amulet, will absolutely prevent mad dogs from biting. Besides these, there are stones taken from living bodies of birds or serpents. "Alectorious," extracted from a capon four years old, will, when held in the mouth, prevent thirst, create increased affection between husband and wife, and render the owner invincible. "Chelidonius," taken from a swallow, is a sure remedy for melancholy. To "Geranitis," taken from a crane, and "Draconitis," from a dragon, similar virtues were ascribed.

In Greece, credence in the curative qualities of the amulet, though common, was not universal. Theophrastus broadly declared Pericles insane when that general was remarked wearing an amulet.

In Rome, on the contrary, amulets were of general adoption. So confident were the Romans in their power, that when they failed in their effect, the mischance was attributed, not to any default in the charms, but to some mistake in their preparation. The Emperor Caracalla, in the decline of the empire, prohibited the use of amulets by public edict.

In Babylon, the wearing of amulets assumed the character of an institution. From Plutarch, we learn that the soldiers wore rings on which an insect resembling the bee was inscribed; the judges suspended from their neck a figure of Truth composed of emeralds; and other forms for various purposes were in common fashion.

A talisman differs from an amulet by being more extensive in its influence, and more potent in its effect. A talisman is the seal, figure, character, or image of a heavenly sign, constellation, or planet, engraven either on a sympathetic stone, or a metal corresponding with, or under the protection of, a particular star. The most celebrated were those of the Samothracians, which were merely peculiar images formed of iron and set in rings. The Egyptians had a variety of talismans, the principal being the *abraxas*, a cabalistic word which was by custom at last applied to the stone on which it was represented. Sometimes with the word, the names of saints, angels, and even Jehovah himself, were cut into the stone.

To eggs which by some freak of nature have been either curiously fashioned or marked in some peculiar way, a talismanic power has been ascribed. A naturalist of eminence, describes one he saw in Batavia. The shape of the upper part so exactly resembled a serpent as though it had been carved by the cunning hand of a sculptor. At Rome, in 1665, an egg was hatched, on the shell of which a representation of the comet of that year was roughly graven. A German scientist says that he has seen an egg with the figure of an eclipse on it, and many other authors have recorded similar experiences.

Descending to more modern times, the most widely known talismans are those of the Maltese. Their origin, on the authority of the island tradition, can be traced to the moment when Paul, escaping shipwreck, was flung on the coast. The legend states that on that occasion, while the apostle was in the act of igniting a bundle of sticks, a venomous viper, concealed among the fagots, fastened eagerly on his hand. To the astonishment of the spectators, St. Paul calmly shook off the intruder, and no harm followed the attack. To add to their wonder, the apostle subsequently cured the chief of the island and some of the inhabitants of various maladies to which they were subject. There is still found on the island a number of small stones, shaped and colored like the eyes, tongues and other parts of the serpents. The superstitious among the Maltese readily enough connect productions of their soil with the foregoing tradition, and wear them as talismans, in which character they suppose them serviceable in warding off the effects of the evil eye and the influence of poisons.

Talismans were common among the Jews, although their laws forbid the wearing of any charm unless it has been previously three times successful in the healing of sickness. Of external applications here and in England, cramp rings are supposed to prevent cramp; eel-skins, tied round the leg, have a similar repute. The most famous talisman of our day, that of Charlemagne, was in the possession of the late Emperor of the French. Its pedigree is undoubted, having been found around the neck of Charlemagne at the opening of his tomb. It was appropriated by the town council of Aix-la-Chapelle, and by them presented to the First Napoleon. He, in turn, made a gift of it to Hortense, at whose death it came by descent to the late owner. It is somewhat larger than a walnut. The centre is composed of two rough sapphires, a portion of the holy cross, and some other relics of the Holy Land. These are enclosed in a filagree work of fine gold, set with rare gems. The Prince Louis wore it when killed by the Zulus. It is now in the possession of his mother, ex-Empress Eugenie.

Grains of Gold.

Politeness always makes friends.

Reprove others, but correct thyself.

Handsome apples are sometimes sour.

Little and often makes a heap in time.

It is easier to blame than to be better.

Would you be strong, conquer yourself.

The man who disclaims pride proclaims it aloud.

Nothing is more frightful than active ignorance.

To change, and be better are two different things.

Nonsense—Sense that happens to differ from our own.

Prayer should be the key of the day and the lock of the night.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

Truth requires plain words; she rejects all ambiguities and reserves.

True quietness of heart is got by resisting our passions, not obeying them.

He who is slowest in making a promise is most faithful in its performance.

He who builds according to every man's advice will live in a very crooked house.

Purity, faith and perseverance are the eternal conditions of successful prayer.

A noble part of every true life is to learn how to undo what has been wrongfully done.

Anger may glance into the breast of a wise man, but it rests only in the bosom of fools.

There is nothing so valuable as experience; nor so cheap, provided you let some one else furnish it.

Do all the good you can, to all the people you can, as long as ever you can, in every place you can.

To conciliate is so infinitely more agreeable than to offend, it is worth some sacrifice of individual will.

Beware of those who are homeless by choice. You have no hold on a man whose affections have no tap-root.

To be furious in religion is to be irreligiously religious; it were better to be of no church than to be bitter of any.

A moment's work on clay tells more than an hour's work on brick. So work on hearts should be done before they harden.

I have cleaned my mirror, and, fixing my eyes on it, I perceive so many defects in myself that I easily forgive those of others.

The surest method of arriving at a knowledge of God's eternal purpose about us, is to be found in the right use of the present moment.

Go not to extremes in anything; mediocrity is best in all cases; he who walketh in the middle of the way can shake hands with pedestrians on both sides of it.

There is nothing that helps a man in his conduct through life more than a knowledge of his own characteristic weakness, which, guarded against, becomes his strength.

When engaged in an argument never make acrimonious remarks; for an acrimonious remark is like very highly-flavored whisky—it may please a few, but it disgusts many.

Do your whole duty in an exigency, and then keep yourself clear of all nervous anxiety about the consequences. Perform your part in any work that falls to you; and tranquilly leave the rest to Providence.

You have probably observed that the most difficult people to get along with are those who are always perfectly sure that they are in the right, and equally sure that you are in the wrong—particularly, as is often the case, when you know you are in the right.

Always say a kind word if you can, if only that it may come in, perchance, with singular opportuneness, entering some mournful man's darkened room, like a beautiful firefly, whose circumvolutions he cannot but watch, forgetting thereby his many troubles.

Never choose for a friend one who would urge you to pull out a single thread from the warp of character. Never choose a friend that you feel you have lowered your standard of purity and right one single inch to gain. If you cannot step up in your friendships, you need not step down. Raise your standard, and stand by it.

Feminimities.

Many ladies have their costumes copied from old paintings or engravings.

When a lady asks you to guess her age, it is best to guess she is quite young.

A Western woman recently fell dead when told that her daughter had eloped.

Women's hearts and violins are very much alike. It takes a beau to play on either of them.

When you say that a girl's hair is as black as coal, it is just as well to specify that you don't mean a red hot coal.

"I don't think freckles are so very bad," said a lovely girl. "I never object to seeing them on other girl's faces."

An injured woman in St. Louis has sued her husband for divorce on the ground that he has called her "an old cow."

A girl in Germany is not considered a suitable candidate for matrimonial honors unless she receives lessons in cookery.

A Kansas woman, who is now living with husband No. 5, lost Nos. 1 and 2 by hanging, No. 3 by being sent to the penitentiary, and No. 4 by suicide.

Fashion runs towards quaintness in the matter of umbrella handles. The newest seen from Paris was of ivory, a broken egg with a bird creeping out.

The Princess of Wales has just appeared at the theatre in brown gloves, which, a fashion authority declares, puts an end to black gloves all over the world.

'Tis as sweet as the gentle murmurings of an Æolian harp to hear a bride of a fortnight's standing talk of the cares and trials incident to the managing of a family.

The man who thinks it foolish to reward his wife's devotion with kind words and caresses is the same one who wonders why it is that women sometimes go wrong.

The young woman who had many suitors, and from the time she was sixteen until she was twenty-one rejected them all, referred in her later life to that period as her "declining years."

A French journal announces that "the proscriptions of supreme fashion formally prohibit giving an arm to a lady under any other circumstances than on entering the dining-room."

Nothing sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and a noble soul as the respect and reverential love of womankind. A man who is always sneering at woman is generally a profligate or a bigot.

A Poser. Elderly lady (with foot like a dumpling)—"It's not so much a durable article that I require, Mr. Crispin. I want something dainty, you know—something coy, and at the same time just a wee bit saucy!"

A young lady of two and twenty years refused to wed a man of fifty, saying that he was neither one thing nor another. He was too old for a husband and too young to hold out any hope of immediate widowhood.

"No, William," she mournfully uttered, still allowing him to retain her hand—"no, William, I can't marry you. I don't believe you can provide a wife with butter upon your present salary, and I can't eat oleomargarine."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Watkins, on hearing of the death of her friend Mrs. Tomkins, "I feel that I am very poorly prepared for eternity. I haven't a single dress fit to be laid out in." And she at once gave orders to the dressmaker for a new dress.

Tears contain "a little phosphate of lime, some chloride of sodium, and water." But this is not all they contain. Pretty often, when dropping from the eyes of a woman, they contain an argument that induces a man to hand over the price of a new winter bonnet.

A curious new club is about to be established in London. It is to be founded by bachelors, who are to be allowed to invite ladies to dinner. When a member marries he is to be permitted to retain his membership on payment of a fine of twenty-five guineas.

A colored philosopher thus unburdened himself on one of woman's weaknesses: "Jim, de men don't make such fools of demselves about women as de women do about men. If women looks at de moon, dey see a man in it. If dey hear a mouse nibblin', it's a man. Why, I never look under my bed to find a woman, does you?"

Calling on a girl nowadays is rather a perilous amusement. It isn't every man who knows what to say when confronted with a hideously ugly curtain and asked, "Why, don't you remember? I was working on that at the seashore that afternoon when you came over to tea, and you suggested that alteration in the design yourself."

Girls, if there is one thing more than any other that holds young men of our day back from matrimonial ventures it is the disheartening spectacle so often presented them of your own dear papa and mamma waiting into church glorified respectively by a $5 alster and a $60 bonnet. The difference and who gains by it is what scares the boys.

An aggrieved wife writes that she has read with considerable emotion the graphic accounts of sleigh-riding in the Park and other drives, and that some of the men whose names she saw there drive fast horses and in every way enjoy themselves, while their poor, abused, neglected wives remain at home and do the household drudgery, thus saving the money with which the husbands make such a splurge that it attracts the notice of the newspapers.

Ex Queen Isabella of Spain is mentioned as the possessor of an exceedingly sweet disposition. She never says an unkind word about anybody, and has a charming and punctilious politeness. She is the most generous of women, and bestows no end of money in charity. She has been known to give away $40 at a time to any beggar that accosted her when she drove out in her carriage, and when remonstrated with said only, "Could a Queen give less?"

A man attempted to murder his wife in an Indiana town. Stealing upon her in the night with an axe, he mangled her in a horrible manner, and then fled, supposing he had killed her. She lay for weeks betwixt life and death, but finally recovered, though in a frightfully disfigured condition. The husband was not found by the apathetic officials. A few days ago she quietly set out to join him somewhere in the far West. "He was always fond of me," she said, "and I don't believe he really meant to take my life. Anyhow, I can't live away from him."

News Notes.

The crown of England is valued at about $850,000.

Locomotives are use in France on canal tow-paths.

It takes five gallons of whisky to cure an elephant's cold.

Chinese soothsayers practice their art in the open streets.

The lightning used on theatrical stages costs $10 an ounce.

Premier Gladstone, like Secretary Schurz, can play the piano.

The green cat's-eye stone is now fashionable for gentlemen.

There are 3 000 active oil wells in one county in this state.

Queen Victoria danced several reels at a recent ball at Balmoral.

The old home of Lincoln at Springfield is now a low lodging house.

A doctor in western New York cures all diseases by immersion in cold water.

The first American city to light its streets wholly by electricity is Ogden, in Utah.

No mob could take the Bank of England unless they battered its walls with cannon.

The Russians are paying great attention to the revolver as an instrument of warfare.

President Hayes, according to Mrs. Grundy, has one near-sighted and one far-sighted eye.

Garfield can write with both hands at once, his left handwriting being from right to left.

An Ohio Sheriff lent a prisoner a razor to shave himself, with which he committed suicide.

A Vermont man has a pet owl which was hatched out and tenderly cared for by a neighbor's hen.

It is fashionable now to have white marble mantelpieces painted in harmony with the paper hangings.

The tunnel under the British Channel will, if carried out, eclipse all other undertakings of the kind.

A New York woman recently imported a black satin gown sewn all over with little beads of pure gold.

The only carriage in Montenegro is the princess' landau, which was brought piecemeal on men's shoulders.

One county in Texas has a colored representative, two colored county commissioners, and two colored constables.

A woman sawed a hole in the ice in a Canada town, thrust her head through into the water, and in that manner drowned herself.

Senator Davis smokes a big meerschaum pipe with a very long stem. Senator Hamlin caresses a cob pipe with a decidedly short stem.

It is now thought that it will be very easy to light the tunnel of St. Gothard through the Alps, nearly nine miles in length, by electric lamps.

A married farmer in the West eloped with a neighbor's wife, and within a few days the deserted husband and wife were married to each other.

The prisoners in one of the Texas penitentiaries have jolly times. They recently gave a concert, which was largely attended by outsiders.

In parts of Georgia the track of the columns that marched to the sea is still visible. The two parallel lines are marked by a rank growth of grass.

An epidemic for marriage among the aged is still raging in England. The latest is a reverend dean, who is in his 84 year, and has just married a widow of 48.

A Methodist preacher at Madras has been endeavoring to gain for himself notoriety by declaiming against the use of wine—denouncing it even in the Holy Communion.

Ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain, is now a fat, unwieldy, but good-natured-looking woman, and drives about Paris in a handsome landau, drawn, not by horses, but by four mules.

In a little French village may be read on the portals of the cemetery: "By decision of the municipal council, there are are to be buried here only the dead who live in this commune."

Bismarck, while yet a romantic, swaggering youth, fell in love with a handsome peasant girl in the Tyrol, and wanted to marry her, but her father refused him because he was of a different religion.

According to a Hartford paper, an existing law of Connecticut declares that "every horse used in any horse race, and on which any wager is laid, or any purse or stake made, shall be forfeited to the State."

A French communistic chief has secured a newspaper to advocate his views, which he calls "Neither God Nor Master." The owner of the property where it is published has ordered him to remove the title from the front of the building.

A writer on hygiene says that diphtheria is spread by heaters as well as by sewers, and that the furnaces which heat foul air in cellars and send it to the parlors and chambers above are among the most accomplished slaughterers of the period.

A naked man on his knees in the snow, with the thermometer at zero, was so strange a sight that a conductor on the Fan Handle Railroad stopped his train. The man said that a strange voice commanded him to hang his clothes on a limb and pray.

Some bunko swindlers at Cincinnati put a green farmer through the usual process of meeting a forgotten acquaintance, who had drawn a prize in a lottery; of going with his "steerer" to the den of the rascals, and being there induced to spend $50 in the bunko game. But at the point where he was expected to retire a quiet loser he drew a revolver and declared, with many rural oaths, that he would have his money back or take every life in the place. He got his money back.

PRUDENTLY BREAK UP YOUR COLD by timely use of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an old remedy for Sore Lungs and Throat, and a certain curative for Coughs.

SOME CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

SOMETIMES a pun or play on the name is introduced, such as in the epitaph on John White:

Here lies John, a shining light,
Whose name, life, actions, all were White.

The following was rather epigrammatic than epitaphic, in regard to the Rev. John Chest:

Beneath this spot lies buried
One Chest within another;
The outer chest was all that's good;
Who says so of the other?

We may safely assert that Owen Moore himself did not pen the following:

Owen Moore is gone away,
Owin' more than he could pay.

More likely to be genuine are those epitaphs which involve a small amount of bad logic, syntax, or bad grammar in their composition. In one graveyard is said to be the following:

Here lyes the bodies of George
Young and all their posterity
For fifty years backwards.

And in another as follows:

Here lies five babies and children dear,
Three at Oswestry, and two here.

Others, again, are delightfully circumstantial, such as that on John Adams:

Here lies John Adams, who received a thump,
right on the forehead, from the parish pump.

Or a touch of jollity in them, as this:

Here lies John, with Mary his bride—
They lived and they laughed while they was able,
And at last was obliged to knock under the table.

This one is suggestively laconic:

Here lies, wrapt in clay,
The body of William Wray;
I have no more to say.

If Dryden really wrote the epitaph on his wife, attributed to him, and which he intended for her tombstone, had he outlived her, he must indeed have felt and owed her little affection:

Here lies my wife; here let her lie;
Now she's at rest, and so am I.

One Mrs. Shute gave occasion, we are told, for the following:

Here lies cut down like unripe fruit,
The wife of Deacon Amos Shute;
She died of drinking too much coffee,
Anno Domini eighteen forty.

James Wyatt, it is highly probable, took no part in the concoction of this effusion:

At rest beneath this churchyard stone
Lies stingy Jeremy Wyatt;
He died one morning just at ten,
And saved a dinner by it.

The occupation of a dyer has suggested many epitaphs of an obvious character, such as:

He dyed to live, and lived to dye

Also:

He died himself, and dyed no more.

A useful hint is wrapped up in the following:

Died of thin shoes, January 1829

Many epitaphs seem to be intended to enlighten the public on some point which the friends of the deceased deem of importance. One epitaph tells us that

Some have children, and some have none;
Here lies the mother of twenty-one.

A double epitaph records the mournful tale thus:

Here lies two brothers by misfortune surrounded;
One died of his wounds, and the other was drownded—

A fatal disaster could hardly be recorded in briefer form than the following:

Here lies John Ross
Kicked by a horse.

When the celebrated General Wolfe died, a premium was offered for the best written epitaph on that officer. A number of poets of all descriptions entered the competition, and among the rest was one as follows:

He marched without dread or fears,
At the head of his bold grenadiers,
And what was more remarkable—nay, very particular,
He climbed up rocks that were quite perpendicular.

Take the following as an example, business and sorrow combined: In one of the cemeteries near Paris, a small lamp some years ago was kept burning under an urn over the grave; and an inscription on the gravestone ran thus, when translated into English: Here lies Pierre Victor Fournier, inventor of the Everlasting Lamp, which consumes only one centime's worth of oil in an hour. He was a good father, son, and husband. His inconsolable widow continues his business in the Rue aux Frois. Goods sent to all parts of the city. Do not mistake the opposite shop for this.

Miss Blanche Murray is a very proper young lady. Last week she caught her little brother smoking. "You terrible thing," she hissed, "I am going to tell father on you." "This is only corn silk," murmured the boy penitently. "I don't care what it is. I am going to tell on you, and see that you don't get into that beastly, horrid, degrading habit." * * * It is evening. Miss Murray is sitting on the front stoop with Algernon. It is moonlight, and the redolent spirits of the honeysuckles and syringa are wafting bliss to their already intoxicated souls. "Would little birdie object to my smoking a cigarette?" "Not at all," replied Miss Murray. "I rather like cigarettes. They are so fragrant and romantic. I think they are just too delicious for anything." "Then I'll light one." He lights a cigarette, and they talk about—the weather for two hours and a half.

A Card.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

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Return when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is systematically used by a bilious dyspeptic sufferer. Moreover, since the brain sympathizes closely with the stomach and its associate organs, the liver and the bowels as their derangement is rectified by the action of the Bitters, mental despondency produced by that derangement disappears.

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CORN SHELLER,
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HUMPHREYS' Vital Weakness and Prostration from over-work or indiscretion, HOMEOPATHIC is radically and promptly cured by it. Been in use 20 years. SPECIFIC No. 28,
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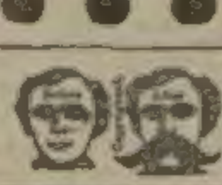

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

FANCY DRESSES.

IN selecting costumes for the innumerable fancy balls now on the tapis for the holiday season, originality is the one thing desired. The following suggestions may be of use to my readers in solving the problem of what costume to select:

Alphabet: I saw carried out in a way which would utilize a black tulle dress. A great many letters had been cut out and pinned on stripe of black tulle, and tacked on the dress spirally, with huge A B C's on the train; a large black fan was carried in the hand, with A B C upon it; the same on the shoes; the vowels on velvet round the throat; and black capitals on the handkerchief. An uncommon dress I once saw in a French picture was a full skirt of blue velvet, bordered with fur; the bodice low and pointed, the sleeves to elbow with lace ruffles; ribbon at throat, and powdered hair; any color might be chosen. "Disease de Bonne Aventure" was the name of a very effective dress worn at a fancy ball; the foundation was black tulle, covered with playing cards; the figure was enveloped in a long tulle veil, and a coronet of cards appeared on the head.

"The Puritan's Daughter," with a plain skirt, just off the ground, of grey material; a square-cut black satin bodice and tunic and sleeves, kerchief and large mob cap of soft white muslin, long black silk mittens, and black velvet round the throat; the skirt should be stiffly lined to set out pretty well; the black tunic is open down the front, caught back and looped up a little; the bodice is made with a short basque, rather pointed back and front, and the sleeves (just below the elbow) have turned-back cuffs of white muslin, and then the frills falling over the arms; the mittens meet the frills; the kerchief is pointed at the back, hemmed all round, crossed in front, and fastened round the waist at the back; the cap is plain, falling very low on the hair at the back; this is a very simple but becoming dress; and cotton-backed satin is quite permissable at a calico ball.

Another costume—"an arrangement in black and white"—can be well carried out thus: A skirt of white sateen, with five gathered flounces, about five or six inches deep, coming up to just above the knee (or a deep kilting); a basque bodice cut square back and front, with elbow sleeves and two wide scarves, composed of broad black-and-white striped cotton (the wider the better) crossed in front and looped together at the back, forming a sort of train just touching the ground; the striped material should be bought by the yard, and put on in its natural width; headdress, a small cap of the two colors; long black gloves or mittens, and a black and white fan.

A costume all white on one side, and all black on the other, half the hair plain, and half powdered. It is called sometimes "Black and White," or "Night and Morning," "White China," all in white, looks well in sateen, made with a basque and pointed, and a square cut, pointed bodice and elbow sleeves, a lace cap, and the hair turned up and powdered; the skirt is plain and short. "Night" can be carried out in black muslin with a flounced skirt, long draped tunic, and either square-cut or low bodice, muss trimmed with jet beads, jet tiara of stars, and jet ornaments; the black can be relieved with a moonlight scene in white and grey; the jet should be sprinkled about everywhere, to make the dress look bright. "Violets" can be arranged in violet muslin over satin or jean, prettily made, and trimmed with sprays of different violets scattered about, with a wreath and bodice, sprays of real violets and leaves; the hat should be covered over with violets, and violets on white lace for the bracelets and necklet. "Dawn," all in pale grey, and "Dusk," in dull grey, can be effectively managed, with soft muslin or gauze draped over the cotton backed satin, and the ornaments for the former should be silver (stars if possible, and a string of smoked pearls round the throat, and earrings to match, for the latter.

"Dresden China," a pink quilted satin or silk petticoat, with three flounces of lace; an overskirt looped well back of figured silk or foulard; a low pointed bodice, with elbow sleeves, trimmed with lace and ruches of pink; a lace cap, with rosebuds on the powdered hair; long mittens, and an antique fan; the upper skirt should be of white ground, with roses and buds over it.

Marguerite in "Faust" would wear a skirt of cashmere, over it a longer one, looped up at the side. The bodice is cut to reach to the hips, where there is a series of loops or bands; the bodice is square, shewing a chemisette of plaited muslin; the tight fitting sleeves are puffed at the elbow, and slightly open at the wrist; a satchel hangs at the side, a cross round the neck, the hair in two long plaits, tied with ribbons. White and blue, or all French grey, are the usual colors in cashmere, of which the dress is made.

"Zarilna" is a Spanish costume. I have seen it dressed as follows: White satin skirt, with black lace flounces, or two flounces of red netting, bordered with fringe; Spanish bodice of black velvet or satin, braided with gold, gold dagger at the side, black lace mantilla, with crimson roses.

"Queen of Hearts."—Bodice in scarlet poplin, embroidered on the side and straight sleeves. A heart, cut out in red silk, is applique below the square opening of the white dress. White gauze drapery, finished off with scarlet and white fringe. Poplin skirt, ornamented at intervals by red hearts. The same appear in the hair, and at the tip of the wand.

"Vivandiere de Grenadiers"—Costume in blue cloth. Jacket, trimmed with red faille revers, with gilt or embroidered ornaments. A barrel drum hangs at the side. Red silk crossbands surround the skirt. Loose knickerbockers. Pointed cloth cap, completed by piping and tassel in the contrasting shade.

Polish Costume.—Jacket bodice of purple, rich blue, or black velvet, trimmed with swansdown, the hanging sleeves lined with white satin. Color and trimming of the velvet cap to match the jacket, the feather tuft fixed by a diamond agrafe. Hair falling in long plaits on the shoulders. Short skirt of red or blue satin; overskirt of white satin, trimmed with gold braid or velvet bands in a zigzag pattern. High boots of patent leather, bordered with swansdown; and white stockings.

Tyrolese Costume.—Skirt of red or green or any other suitable woolen material, bordered with two stripes of black velvet edged with gold cord. Chemisette of white lawn, the narrow standing collar embroidered in red. Bodice of black velvet or silk, with stomacher embroidered in gold and colored silks, fixed in front with two gold-headed pins. Buckled waistbelt of leather, with a chatelaine chain from the left hip, to hold a bunch of keys or a fan. Wide apron of brocbe silk, bordered with gold-embroidered lace. A multi-colored silk tie round the neck. A Tyrolese hat of dark green or black felt, with gold cord round, and feather ornament at the side. White stockings, with colored clocks. Boots of black leather, cut low at the instep, with gold buckles in front. Gold chain, with medal or cross pendant round the neck.

"An Oarswoman" (or rather, girl.—Crimson flannel skirt, bordered with a plaiting, which is mounted with a heading bound with black velvet; brown overskirt, studded with gold flowers, looped high on the hips; the flowers are gilt paper or spangles, which are gummed on; bodice, with revers, and a blue and white striped waistcoat; white cambric plaiting round the top and round the short sleeves; black mittens, blue stockings; straw hat, lined with black velvet, which also passes under the chin; a bouquet of poppies at the side; an oar in the hand.

The following is a description of a dressing gown for all hours of the day: The front is of colored cashmere of a pale tint. It is trimmed with narrow pleatings. Over this, but forming one entire dress, is an open Princess robe of striped flannel, one stripe of which will match the front cashmere. This is edged round with a ruching of the cashmere, edged underneath with a deep frill of colored lace. Pagoda sleeves trimmed to match. A lace jabot down the front of the bodice, and lace pockets. A lace bow on one shoulder.

Young girls return to the old style of silk under-dresses, with long polonaises of embroidered muslin for evening dresses. They are trimmed with Breton lace, and ribbons to match the skirt to loop the polonaise at the back.

Instead of the polonaise the skirt may be trimmed with alternate plaitings of muslin and lace, and a scarf crosses the whole dress. The bodice is fully and often crossed over the bust, like in olden times. Short sleeves and long gloves or mittens. A band round the waist.

Ladies now hang dainty little baskets at their waist-belts instead of chatelaines. These baskets are made in all sorts of shapes. They contain all the requisites for lace, crochet and embroidery work.

A simple costume is of woolen tissue of Veronese green; the plain skirt has a broad band placed about twelve inches from the edge, and composed of rows of woolen braid, very wide, intersected by narrow steel braid. The band of braiding is twelve inches wide. The polonaise is made of the same fabric, also braided at the edge, but eight inches deep only; the trimming is carried round the neck and down the centre of the fronts, which are draped on each side by a cordelière of black and steel. A Parisienne troiteuse is of grey cheviot trimmed with bronze plush, the skirt pleated in alternate plush and cheviot pleatings, and edged by a cardinal-colored satin balayeuse; across the skirt a plush sash is placed, and is pleated in a large bow with the cheviot tunic. The bodice of cheviot has plush basques, which at the back form butterfly wings, lined with satin.

Many rich costumes are of striped plush and satin, but for young girls a sort of velveteen is much used, with a design of flowers or small patterns on it, and the dress made in the Louis XVI. style.

I have seen some charming new models for hats of long pile plush in marine blue and fawn, and pretty caleches of black felt with bouillonne velvet brims, and trimmed with a profusion of feathers, and with a large bunch of Bengal roses at the side. The hats certainly are large in every way—brim, feathers, flowers, all immense—but we have always the choice of pretty little capotes, with their embroidered or chenille crowns, or the dressy Medicis shape, which are equally fashionable; other hats are perfectly covered with their magnificent feathers, among which one sees, half concealed, some brilliant insect or some sparkling butterfly. A few felt hats are to be seen, but plush hats and plush capotes are in endless variety, only the hats are, as we have said, very much larger than they have been worn lately, while bonnets, on the contrary, are decreasing in size; I saw one very pretty bonnet, quite tiny, of black blonde, crossed with two very fine bands of gold.

Fireside Chat.

GOOD THINGS FOR HOLIDAY FEASTS.

CHARTREUSE OF ORANGES.—Make a very clear orange jelly with a pint and a half of water, six oranges, sugar to taste, a wineglassful of sherry, and an ounce and a half isinglass. Divide two or three oranges into quarters, and with a sharp knife carefully remove from each quarter every particle of skin of any sort. Have two plain molds, one about an inch and a quarter more in diameter than the other. Pour a very little jelly at the bottom of the larger mould, and place in it a layer of orange quarters prepared as above (if too thick, they should be slit in two lengthwise); cover them with more jelly, but only put enough to get a smooth surface. Lay this on ice to set. When it is nearly firm put the small mould inside the large one, taking care to place it exactly in the middle, so that the vacant space between the two moulds be of the same width. In this vacant space dispose prepared orange quarters, filling up the interstices with jelly as you go on, until the whole of the space is filled up. Place the mould upon ice, and proceed to whip a pint of cream with half an ounce of isinglass and some sweetened orange juice, which must be added to it a very little at a time, else the cream will not rise into a froth. When the cream is ready and the jelly set, remove the inner mould by pouring warm water into it, and fill up the inner space of the chartreuse with the cream. Set it on ice for an hour, turn out and serve.

Meringues.—Whisk some whites of eggs to a stiff froth, mix with them, with a spoon, quickly and thoroughly, some loaf sugar, finely powdered, in the proportion of one tablespoonful for each white of egg used, then place a sheet of white paper on a meringue board, and, with a tablespoon lay out the mixture on it in heaps about the size of an egg, and about two inches apart, taking care to make them all as near as possible the same size and evenly shaped. Strew a little powdered sugar over them, shake off what does not stick to the meringues, and at once place the board into a moderate oven. When the meringues have assumed a straw color, and are hard to the touch, take them out, detach them from the paper carefully, and either scoop out the inside, or press it in with a teaspoon. Then replace them in the oven on a baking sheet to dry for half an hour or so. The oven must be very "slack;" and it is best to leave the door of it open during this part of the operation. When the meringues are cold, have ready some whipped cream, flavored as you may fancy, fill the hollow of each meringue with it, and join them in pairs by sticking together the under side of each.

Lemon Water Ice.—Wash the lemons in cold water in order to ensure cleanliness. Take a few lumps of sugar, and rub them over the peel until you have enough to flavor the ices; probably two fine lemons will be sufficient. Put this lemon sugar into a quart of cold filtered water, and let it stand ten minutes, or while the lemons are squeezed. About half a pint of juice is usually needed. Having strained the juice and water flavored with the lemon sugar, add the syrup, and strain into the freezing pot. When the ices register 22 degrees on the thermometer, press well down in the pot, and leave them in the freezing mixture for an hour. A little gelatine is useful to give richness and body to water ices; but care must be taken not to use more than the quantity named. Soak and dissolve in boiling water a quarter of an ounce of gelatine, add it to the quart of water to be used for the ices, thoroughly mix it with the other materials, and afterwards strain them.

Bishop.—Stick a Seville orange all over with cloves, and roast it before a slow fire, allowing the top of the cloves to be slightly charred. Put small but equal quantities of cinnamon, cloves, mace, and allspice, well pounded, with ½lb of sugar, and the thin rind of a Seville orange or lemon, into a small saucepan, add half a pint of water, and let the whole boil until reduced one-half. Empty a bottle of claret into a perfectly clean saucepan, and put it on the fire until it simmers. Add the roasted orange and the prepared spice; let the mixture stand on the hob for ten minutes, then pour it into a bowl, add sugar to taste, a little grated nutmeg, and just before serving, fill a tablespoonful of brandy, set it alight, and pour it over the brew. Serve with slips of dry toast.

Orange Jelly.—Make a syrup with one pint of water and one pound of loaf sugar, boil it with the thin rind of four oranges and two lemons, skim it carefully and add the juice of eight oranges, and let it boil about twenty minutes; skim and add the juice of a lemon and either one pint of calvesfoot jelly, or sixteen sheets of the best French gelatine dissolved in half a pint of water and clarified with whites of egg. Peel a couple of sweet oranges, removing every particle of skin of both kinds, core them to get the rind of the pips, and cut them in thin slices in such a way as to get rid of the pellicle round each quarter. Proceed to fill the mould, disposing of pieces of oranges in it in a symmetrical fashion.

Chocolate Cream.—Mix the yolks of eight eggs (strained) with three ounces of powdered loaf sugar and four ounces of grated chocolate; add one quart of milk; set the mixture on the fire in a double saucepan, the outer one filled with hot water, and keep stirring till the cream thickens; dissolve in a little milk eight sheets of the best French gelatine, add this to the cream, strain it, pour it into a mould, and put it in a cold place to set.

Orange Water Ices.—Put sugar on the peel of two oranges and one lemon. Squeeze and strain the juice of the lemon and six oranges. Dissolve the flavored sugar with a little hot water, and mix the whole with half a pint of syrup of not greater strength than 30 degrees, so that the mixture will register 24 degrees, or is agreeable to the taste. If too sweet, add a little water. Strain into the freezing pot.

Neapolitan Ices.—These are merely two kinds of ices, water and cream, served together in equal portions. The most usual combination is that of strawberry ice cream and lemon water ices. Moulds are made for this purpose, into which the two kinds of ices are pressed after being made, with a little cardboard division to keep them separate. These are placed on ice for a short time to harden, and turned on to each ice plate, as from other moulds.

Mulled Claret.—Boil for twenty minutes in a pint of water, six cloves, the thin rind of two lemons, a quarter pound of sugar, and a stick of cinnamon four inches long broken into small pieces. Add two bottles of claret or Burgundy previously warmed, and when the whole boils add a wineglassful of brandy or curacoa; strain into glasses, grating a little nutmeg over each.

Orange Salad.—Peel eight oranges with a sharp knife, so as to remove every vestige of skin from them, core them as you would core apples, and lay them, either whole or cut in slices, in a deep dish; strew over them plenty of powdered loaf sugar, then add a large wineglassful of pale brandy. Keep the dish covered close till the time of serving.

Egg Flip.—Beat three or four eggs with a little moist sugar, grated nutmeg, and powdered ginger; put them in a jug with one quarter of old rum. Heat one quart of ale, and when nearly boiling pour it into another jug, and add it gradually to the eggs; then pour rapidly from one jug to another till quite smooth.

Answers to Inquirers.

M. W. I. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The Latin words "Domine dirige nos," signify "The Lord direct us."

B. B. S. (Detroit, Mich.)—A lemon sliced with sugar, or honey and sherry, or a raw egg, are excellent remedies to clear the voice.

I. N. H. (Union, Ill.)—Expert skill is required to engrave the illustrations in books, magazines, etc. 2. A letter addressed Boston, Mass., would doubtless reach him.

I. M. B. (Monmouth, N. J.)—We cannot undertake to furnish the names of any young ladies who would care to take part in a correspondence under the circumstances.

E. J. M. (Lyon, Kans.)—We know of no way in which you could certainly get a file of the Post from 1865 to the present time, unless by advertising what you require.

READER, (Chester, Pa.)—The letters I. H. S. stand for Jesus Hominum Salvator, which means, Jesus the Saviour of men. The Latin language in which the words are has no J.

ANGELINA, (Coatesville, Pa.)—In the language of flowers, scarlet means romance; sage leaf lamentation; alyssum, worth beyond beauty; periwinkle, sweet remembrance.

DORINDA, (Newark, N. J.)—From six to ten drops of solution of chlorinated soda in a wineglassful of water every morning, will sweeten the breath for the day, when the taint arises from the stomach and not from the teeth.

NETTIE, (Waynesburg, Pa.)—The great reason why we have not more eggs in the winter is that hens have not comfortable quarters or requisite food. The hen is a tender animal—an exotic in this cold climate, and wants a warm bedroom and comfortable nursery.

MINNIE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—It is clear, by the use of 1880 in Arabic numerals, to denote the date, that it is a token, and not a coin. Arabic numerals having been first used in the latter half of the fifteenth century, and copper coins first introduced two centuries later.

SINGER, (Roanoke, N. C.)—You are to be commiserated: but try if the opposite of what you are now doing will not effect some change. Instead of your thinking more of the lady and she thinking less of you all the time, try what effect indifference on your part will have.

HAYWOOD, (Covington, Ky.)—Sir William Davenant was Poet Laureate of England from 1660 to 1668. He was a prolific dramatic writer, author of many fierce partisan pamphlets, and connected with the revival of the theatre after the eclipse it had suffered under the severe Puritan rule.

FRIEND, (Franklin, Ind.)—The treatment you have received at the hands of the young lady is what you deserved. If you have reformed as you say you have, write a straightforward and manly letter to the young lady, confessing past errors, and promising complete reformation of your habits for the future.

N. R. (New York, N. Y.)—The letters K. C. B. after the name of Sir Joseph Porter, in "Pinafore," mean that he is a Knight Commander of the Bath, one of the oldest and most exclusive of the English noble societies. The other branches of this society are Knights of the Grand Cross, G. C. B., and Companion, C. B.

W. H. F. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—On being introduced to a lady, you might say "I am happy to make your acquaintance;" that remark is always in order on such occasions. What to say after depends on circumstances: but, in your case, since you seem to have so little command of language, you had better say "Good night."

H. E. C. (Brazos, Tex.)—1. Address Lippincott & Co., Publishers, this city. 2. For ourselves we prefer Scribner's in every respect. 3. We do not know the opinion entertained by others, but we consider them equally bad. There is nothing that may be called good in either. 4. The Atlantic Monthly is published at Boston, Mass.

C. I. S. (Manchester, N. H.)—The "seven wonders of the world" are the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Pharos, or lighthouse of Alexandria, the Tomb of Mausolus, the Colosseum at Rome, the Temple of Diana, the Statue of Jupiter by Phidias. There are others mentioned, but these are the ones generally accepted.

B. C. P. (Warren, Ill.)—The diameter of the sun is eight hundred and eighty-three thousand two hundred and forty-six miles, and the circumference two millions seven hundred and seventy-four thousand eight hundred and eighty. The diameter is nearly one hundred and twelve times larger than that of the earth; and the sun is equal to one million three hundred and eighty-four thousand four hundred and seventy-two earths.

CLEOPATRA (Germantown, Pa.)—It is improper for any gentleman, who is a mere acquaintance, even though he is a railway conductor and has to pass your residence every day, to wave his hand and throw kisses at you. Take no notice of his gestures, except to let him see, by your reserved and dignified manner, that such demonstrations are distasteful to you. It would not be improper for you to return a salute from him, if that salute be the lifting of the hat.

R. S. W. (Hartford, Conn.)—The "middle ages" may be called that period in the history of Europe, which begins with the final destruction of the Roman Empire, and is considered by some to end with the taking of Constantinople; by others with the Reformation, the discovery of America, the inventies of printing etc. According to Hallam, who wrote a history of this period, it extends from the invasion of France by Clovis, A. D. 486, to that of Charles VIII. in 1493.

SHOEMAN, (Monmouth, N. J.)—You say: "A Spartan general fell at the moment of victory but dipping his finger in his blood wrote on an adjacent rock 'Sparta has conquered.' Is this historically correct, and who was the hero?" A story similar is told of the Spartan General Brasidas in Plutarch's "Morals." He was fighting against the right wing of the Athenians, their left broken and flying, when he dropped. Thinking himself dying, he wrote as recorded, "Sparta has conquered." He was borne from the field, and soon after died.

SCRATCHINGER, (Chicago, Ill.)—The terms used by publishers to denote the size of books are the Latin names for the numerals—quarto, four; octavo, eight; duodecimo, twelve; each having reference to the number of leaves into which a sheet is folded without regard to the size of the sheet. For example: a sheet of paper as folded but once is entitled a folio, from the Latin folium, a leaf. Should you fold it again, it would make a quarto, or four leaves. Folding it again, would make an octavo, or eight leaves. Folding the sheet into twelve leaves makes a duodecimo.

RUSTICUS, (Washington, D. C.)—Neither the ancient Greeks nor Latins made use of rhyme. Their languages being essentially musical their versification depended chiefly upon the length of their syllables, every one of which had a fixed quantity. The pronunciation rendered this so sensible to the ear that a long syllable was considered as precisely equal in time to two short ones. Most modern nations, however, pay less attention to the quantities of their syllables in pronunciation, and rest the melody of their verses on the number of syllables it contains on the proper position of accents and pauses, and frequently on that return of corresponding sounds which we call rhyme.

TESO, (Camden, N. J.)—There are seven Bibles in the world: the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, the Try Pitikat of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zedaveста, and the Scriptures of the Christians. The Koran is the most recent of these seven Bibles, and not older than the seventh century of our era. It is a compound of quotations from the Old and New Testaments, the Talmud, and the Gospel of St. Barnabas. The Eddas of the Scandinavians were first published in the fourteenth century. The Pitikas of the Buddhists contain sublime morals and pure aspirations, but their author Buddha died in the sixth century before Christ. There is nothing of excellence not found in the Bible. The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, "king" meaning web of cloth, or the warp that keeps the threads in their place. They contain the best sayings of the best sages on the ethics political duties of life. These sayings cannot be traced to a period higher than the eleventh century B. C. The three Vedas are the most ancient books of the Hindoos, and it is the opinion of the best authorities that they are not older than eleven centuries B. C. The Zedaveста of the Persians is the grandest of all the sacred books next to our Bible. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, was born in the twelfth century B. C. Moses lived and wrote his Pentateuch fifteen centuries B. C.